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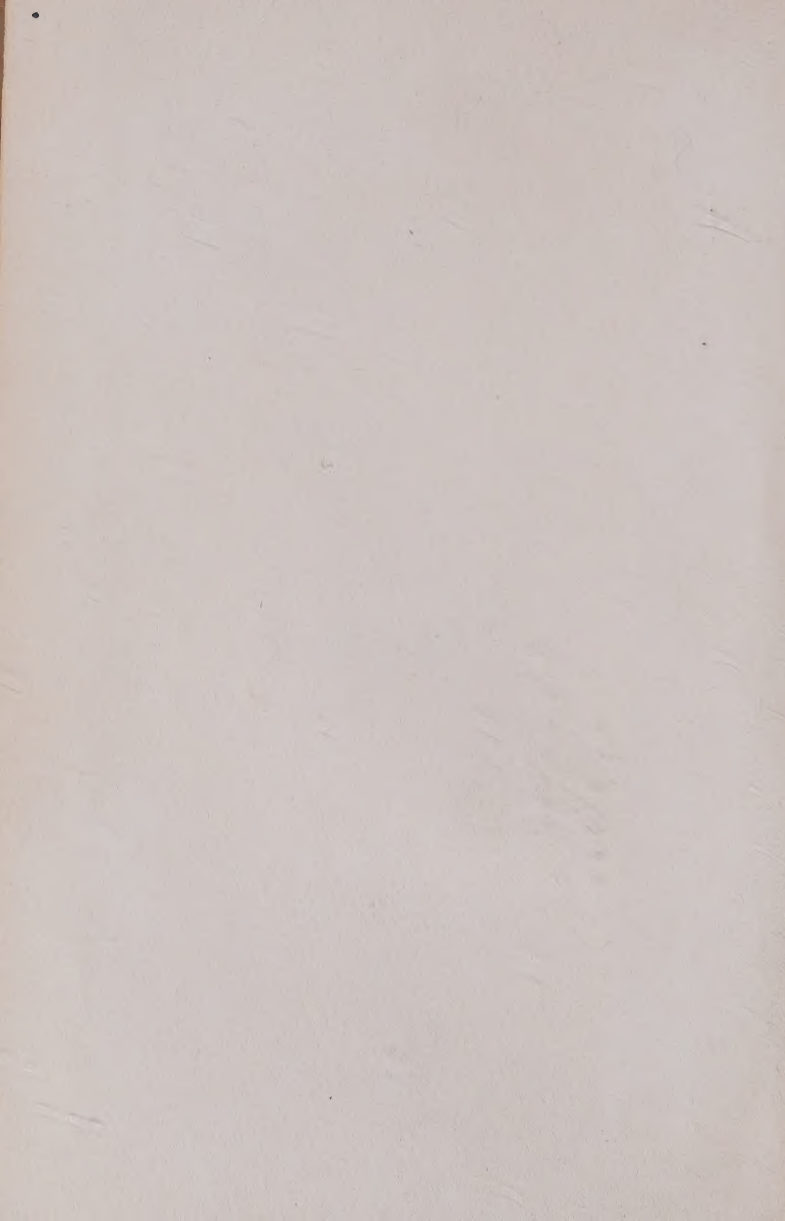
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Illinois, the story of the
prairie state

ILLINOIS

THE STORY OF THE PRAIRIE STATE




ILLINOIS

THE STORY OF THE PRAIRIE STATE

By
GRACE HUMPHREY

Illustrated with Photographs


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To

MY FATHER

Who gave me, when a child, my first interest
in the story of Illinois

74506

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ILLINOIS

THE STORY OF THE PRAIRIE STATE

ILLINOIS

The Story of the Prairie State

I

THE GEOGRAPHY OF ILLINOIS

BEFORE you begin reading the story of Illinois, make a picture in your mind of how the land lies, with reference to the rest of the United States. Perhaps you will need your geography to help you. Very well, study the maps carefully. For it is impossible to read history without having geography for your foundation.

You will find, then, that Illinois has a remarkable location, more than almost any other state in the Union. About half-way between the two oceans, it is also half-way between north and south. Far enough north to escape the enervating southern heat, far enough south to escape the very severe northern winter, its four seasons offer a variety of climate.

You will notice, too, how many waterways Illi-

nois has—the rivers that flow across it, plus those forming its boundary lines, plus the great lake on the northeast. Find on your map a state that has no waterways on its boundary, find some that have fewer than Illinois; can you find one that has more? Notice how the rivers all flow southwest, but how the land slopes so gradually that there are no rapids.

And see how nature made it easy to reach Illinois, joining her to Virginia and the south by the Ohio River, and by the Illinois, the link between the lakes and the Mississippi, making easy connection with the French settlements in Canada. From north and east and south have come her people, giving richness and variety to her story. Through all the years, but especially in the early days, Illinois's many waterways have been an important factor in her development. You will find this, over and over, as you read, so keep it well in mind.

Now, look at a map showing mines, and see where Illinois stands. No gold and silver, but coal! More than three-fourths of the state has strata of this black "imprisoned sunshine," made, the wise men say, by forests of trees and tall ferns which for centuries crystallized the sunbeams into stores of future energy. The first coal found in the New World was in Illinois, the first use made of it was in Tonty's forge in the fort at Starved Rock.¹ Its discovery was second in importance only to the find-

ing of the Mississippi Valley. Yet those early seekers for mines were disappointed!

And over the coal, from ten to two hundred feet deep, is the rich soil of the prairies. Treeless, level or slightly rolling, extremely fertile, the surface of Illinois has made its contribution to her greatness.

Rich, varied, unusual as are nature's gifts to the state, they are equaled only by the romance of her history. No other state in the Union has such a background of color and adventure. No other has given more to the story of the nation. Claimed by Spain, explored and occupied by France, held by England, conquered by the American forces, the record is full of variety and interest. And it is not a story merely—the wonderful thing is that it is all true!

II

BEFORE THE FRENCH CAME

LONG after the voyages of Columbus, long after Spain and France and England and Holland had planted their colonies in America, the valley of the Mississippi was an unknown region. Although DeSoto's journey to the "father of waters" gave Spain a claim to the Illinois country, and though this claim was confirmed by the Pope, the Spanish did nothing to explore or colonize it. Not until 1673, when the first of the French arrived, does Illinois history really begin.

But back of that, so far back that they are lost in the dim past, stretch slender threads of her story. For when the French came, they found here traces of a vanished people. We call them the "mound builders," from the peculiar mounds they raised. Were they forts, or altars, or sites of towns, or cemeteries, or signal stations? No one can answer.

The mounds are scattered over Illinois, along the principal waterways. By the shore of Lake Michigan, along the bluffs of the Mississippi, near the Ohio and Rock and Wabash Rivers, you can see to-

day the remnants of their building.¹ And curious they are—some as large as seven hundred feet, some made of soil brought from miles away, so numerous they hint at an enormous number of workmen employed.

The very little we know of these people we learn from the mounds themselves, and from the things found in them—flint spades and hoes, pottery, woven cloth, polished stone implements, and others of thin, hammered copper, silver, or iron, all showing a higher stage of development than the Indians had reached, yet far behind the civilization of Central America.²

But it is all so long ago that we can but guess at their history, and only geological words go far enough back to tell it.

Beside these traces of a prehistoric people, the first comers found Indians here, belonging to the Algonquin family. The Illinois were five tribes in a federation—Tamaroas, Michigamies, Kaskaskias, Cahokias and Peorias—like the famous Five Nations in New York State, but not so well organized.³ The name of state and river comes from “Illini,” as they called themselves, with a French ending.

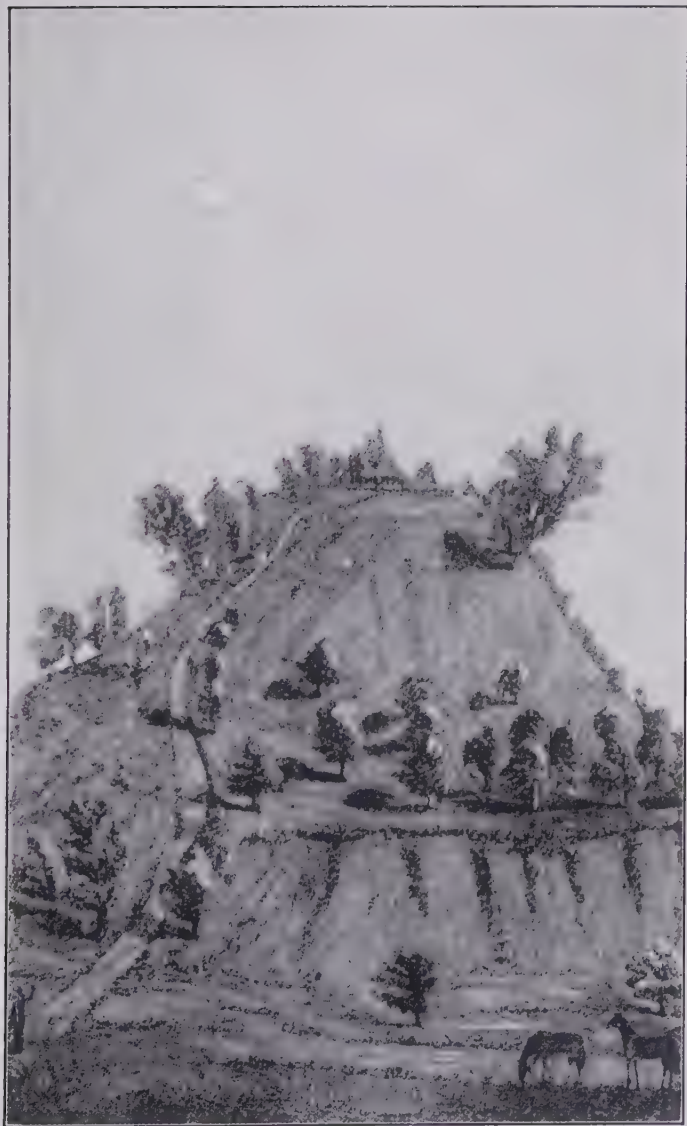
The Indians wandered over the prairies, living by hunting and fishing and a most primitive agriculture. Without knowing the use of iron, without domestic animals, without a written language, they were sav-

ages, and fighting was their principal occupation. For all the years they lived here, their story is constant warfare—war that was cruel and cowardly and causeless, in which men and women and children alike perished.

And if you argue that the Europeans had no right to take away the Indians' land, expelling the red men from their hunting grounds, for their own selfish advancement, the answer is contained in just those words. For the Indians, they were hunting grounds and nothing more. For the white men they are permanent fields of grain, sites for great cities, for manufacturing and mining, providing a livelihood for thousands and even millions of people, where only a few hundred Indians could live. They make a higher civilization possible, a greater blessing to humanity, a greater good to the greatest number.

And whatever you may say of the white man's unfairness and injustice to the red, not an incident in their history relates such treatment as one Indian tribe frequently gave to another. La Salle tells of an Iroquois invasion into Illinois, and the cruel death of hundreds of the Illinois tribes. And the French accounts show that in fifty-seven years their fighting men were reduced from twelve thousand to only six hundred warriors.⁴

Our Indian history is picture after picture of savage war between the Illinois federation and the



Cahokia, or "Monk's Mound," Madison Co., Ill.



South end of the great Cahokia Mound

other tribes living in the state. It is a story of desolation and extermination, for their aim was always to waste and destroy, not to build up. Nearly two hundred years passed, after the coming of the French, before the Indians were finally banished from Illinois.

III

THE PRIEST AND THE TRADER

YOU have learned, in your study of United States history, of the coming of the French to America; how they based their claim on the voyage of Verrazani, how Cartier started a first settlement in Canada, how Champlain founded Quebec and made journeys of discovery to the south and west for a thousand miles. Their first knowledge of Illinois was when Champlain heard from the Lake Huron Indians of a people living still farther west, "a nation where there is a quantity of buffalo," and so he described the prairie country on his map.¹

The French settlements reached out toward the southwest, up the St. Lawrence and along the Great Lakes. Little by little they learned the geography of this country. Traders and priests frequently sent back Indian reports of a great water beyond, hinting of an ocean not far away, or a river running into some western sea. It was to settle this question that the governor in Montreal sent Marquette and Joliet on a trip of exploration, whose chief object,

wrote the Jesuit superior-general in Canada, "was to know in what sea emptied the great river of which the Indians tell so many stories."² Their aim was the very same that had sent Columbus, nearly two centuries before, across the Atlantic—to find a water route to India. Their journey was, like his, unsuccessful, but they did find something fully as important.

Born in Quebec, Louis Joliet was a fur-trader. In a trip to the copper mines near Lake Superior, he had won a reputation for courage and skill. He had the prudence necessary for a dangerous voyage, the courage to fear nothing where there was everything to fear. He had enterprise, boldness, determination. He knew several Indian languages. There was not a man in Canada better fitted to undertake a great discovery.³

Joliet was already acquainted with the good priest, Jacques Marquette, who for five years had been a missionary on the lakes. The Illinois tribes had visited his mission station in 1670, telling of the richness of their country, making him eager to visit it, to open the way for Christianity.

Marquette, with face thin and careworn, eyes deep set, dressed in a rusty black robe, with crucifix and rosary, was a religious enthusiast, fired with zeal. Joliet, broad-shouldered, alert, with intelligent face and energetic gesture, was a great contrast. The

Jesuit's one thought, the salvation of souls; the trader's ambition, to win glory for himself and for France—they made a good team, one supplementing the other.⁴

“My companion,” said Marquette to the Indians, “is an envoy of France to discover new countries, and I am an ambassador from God to enlighten them with the gospel.”

The winter of 1672 Joliet spent in the mission station at Mackinac, and the two friends completed their plans for the journey.

“As we were going to seek unknown countries,” wrote the priest, in a report to his superior, “we took all possible precautions that, if our enterprise was hazardous, it should not be foolhardy; for this reason we gathered all possible information from Indians who had frequented those parts, and even from their accounts traced a map of all the new country, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations and places through which we were to pass, the course of the great river, and what direction we should take when we got to it.

“We were not long in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes, M. Jolliet, myself, and five men, firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise.”⁵

Starting in May, crossing the narrow portage from the Fox River, they paddled down the Wisconsin and "safely entered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, with a joy that I can not express." Hoisting the sails on their canoes, they floated down the "father of waters," between the "broad plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests and chequered with illimitable prairies and island groves."

"At last, on the 25th of June, we perceived footprints of men by the water-side, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. . . . We stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, we resolved to go and reconnoitre. . . . M. Jolliet and I . . . followed the little path in silence, and having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river. . . . Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God, with all our hearts; and, having implored His help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry. . . . The Indians rushed out of their cabins, and having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a black gown, . . . they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. . . . I . . . asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illini, and, in token of peace, they presented their pipes to smoke."

Marquette's report goes on to tell of their entertainment in that village, and how the chief

"begged us, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed further, on account of the great dangers to which we exposed ourselves.

"I replied that I did not fear death, and that I esteemed no happiness greater than that of losing my life for the glory of Him who made all. But this those poor people could not understand."

Before they left the Indians

"made us a present, an all-mysterious calumet, . . . than which there is nothing among them more mysterious or more esteemed. Men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they pay to it; it seems to be the god of peace and war. . . . Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies. . . . Hence the Illinois gave me one, to serve as my safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage."

South they went, past the painted bird of Piasa, past the dangerous sweep of the Missouri, where it joins its yellow stream to the Mississippi, the peace pipe about Marquette's neck probably giving them more protection than his cross. And after a month's journey down the Mississippi, satisfied from Indian accounts and their own observations that it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, and fearing they might

fall into the hands of the Spaniards if they reached the sea, they decided to return.

The priest became ill and lay helpless in the bottom of the canoe for weeks, while the little party slowly made their way against the current. Of special interest is their route north, for they left the Mississippi and went up the quiet Illinois, the Indians telling them this was a shorter route and would bring them on their way with little trouble.

"We had seen nothing like this river," writes Marquette, "for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, . . . ducks, parrots, and even beaver; its many lakes and rivers."

By way of Chicago and Lake Michigan, they returned to Green Bay in September, without losing a man or receiving any hurt or injury whatever. Joliet, returning to Canada the next spring, was within sight of Montreal when his canoe was upset in the rapids, and his carefully drawn map and full report, telling all that was curious and interesting in their voyage, was lost. Marquette thus becomes the historian of the French discovery of the Mississippi, and the report he wrote from the mission station in Wisconsin is Illinois's first historic document. He was more interested in converting the savages than in explorations, so that his journal is brief, but correct and reliable.⁶

The French were astonished at the magnitude of their discoveries—the soil and its products, the buffalo, the beauty of the country. And we are equally astonished at this journey—a four months' trip in frail canoes, covering twenty-five hundred miles, discovering the greatest valley in the world.

Marquette remained at the Green Bay mission for a year, regaining his strength after so many hardships, and then started south, to keep his promise and establish a mission among the Illinois tribes. His party arrived at the site of Chicago early in December, describing it as "a snow-covered prairie and an ice-bound river."⁷ The priest being ill again, they determined to spend the winter there, and built a rude hut. Though it was cold and bleak, game was plentiful, and some friendly Indians were encamped near by.

By the last of March Marquette was able to travel to Kaskaskia, where he was received as an angel from Heaven. Five hundred chiefs and old men and fifteen hundred youths came to the great council where he said mass and took possession of the land in the name of Christ. He named the mission "the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin," redeeming his vow at the beginning of his voyage with Joliet. The mission kept this name, even when the village was moved south nearly to the mouth of the Kaskaskia River. And the little church and

parish in New Kaskaskia are to-day called Immaculate Conception.⁸

Very ill, Marquette had to leave in a few months, and died on the way to Canada. His was a lovely character, and his self-sacrifice endeared him to every one. He gave himself up entirely to the most severe and dangerous service, not with complaints, but with the greatest pleasure. Among all the devout missionaries he has no equal for piety, for holiness of purpose, for the great tasks he performed.

If you would know more about him, read his life, by Thwaites, or chapter five in Parkman's *Discovery of the Great West*. Read Marquette's own reports, which you will find translated in Breese's *Early History of Illinois*, and in Shea's *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*; part of Shea's translation is reprinted in the first volume of the collections of the Illinois State Historical Library. You will like especially Marquette's description of the buffalo, of their stay in the Illinois village, and his unfinished letter telling of his last visit to these tribes, the end of the story written by one of the French priests who accompanied him.

IV

LA SALLE AND TONTY

THE news of this discovery set all Canada on fire, and France, too, caught the fever. Most important of the men suddenly enthusiastic for western enterprise was Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. The son of wealthy Rouen parents, he had joined a brother in Montreal and become a fur-trader. He was the first to see how important Marquette's discovery was, and to make the French government realize it and give him authority to carry out his plan. This was no less than to extend the French empire in America into the southwest, to explore the Mississippi, open the country to French trade, and make the river a highway for the world's commerce.¹

Something of La Salle's difficulties you already know : how the king gave him a title, a grant of land, command of the forts which he might erect, but no funds at all ; how, when Fort Frontenac was finished, he built a vessel of forty tons, with great white sails and the figurehead of a griffin ; how from his trading-post at Mackinac he sent the *Griffin* east

across Lake Ontario, with a rich cargo of furs; and how then his little party started south.

Thirty men and three priests—it was certainly not a military expedition! The religious leader was the ambitious Father Hennepin, more explorer than priest. The lieutenant was Henri de Tonty, an Italian, who had lost one hand in a battle in Sicily, and was called by the Indians “the man with the iron hand.” They might well have named the leader, La Salle, him of the iron will; for his courage was never daunted, no matter what disasters and misfortunes came to him. Only such a character could have made his achievements possible.

Without waiting for news of the boat’s safe arrival, they went up the St. Joe, crossed the portage, down the Kankakee and into Illinois. It was now December, and their provisions were very low. Reaching an Indian village near Ottawa, they were disheartened to find it deserted, the red men away on their winter hunt. But they did find some corn, stored for seed in the spring, and took what they needed.

Farther down the river they overtook the Illinois tribes, paid for the corn with axes, and received permission to build a fort, promising help against the Iroquois. The fort was named Crevecœur, in English “broken heart.” And many writers have thought La Salle chose it because of his disappoint-

ments and difficulties. Indeed, Father Hennepin says:

“We named it the fort of Crevecœur, because of the desertion of our men, and the other difficulties we labored under had almost broke our hearts.”²

And certainly La Salle had every reason to be heavy-hearted. For his little group was far in advance of any of the French settlements; the Indians were at best uncertain friends; two of his carpenters had deserted; his men threatened to mutiny, and had tried to poison him; most of all, if the *Griffin* were really lost, it meant financial ruin.

Yet, if La Salle were utterly discouraged and heart-broken, would he have told his men? What they needed was encouragement. Crevecœur may sound romantic, but there must be some explanation; and recent study has perhaps supplied it. A few years before, the army of Louis XIV had captured a fort in the Netherlands called Crevecœur, and the name may have been a compliment to the king. This is the more credible, since we know now that Tonty, who was for years a French soldier, had taken part in the capture of the Dutch fort.³

The American Crevecœur was nearly finished, as was the boat they were building, when La Salle divided his men. Father Hennepin, who could,

thought the leader, do more good by exploring than by preaching, was sent down the Illinois to its mouth, and then up the Mississippi, in the hope that it led west to India. The whole country seemed so fine and pleasant that the priest says one might justly call it "the delight of America."

At the falls of St. Anthony he and his two men were taken prisoners by the Sioux Indians, detained several months, and finally reached Canada. Like Marquette, Hennepin wrote about his adventures, but some of his accounts are not altogether reliable, though they reached over twenty editions, in six languages. "He writes of what he saw in places where he never was," says a contemporary; "the name of honor they gave him there (in Canada) is *the great liar*."⁴

The second division was to return to Canada.

"All the wood had been prepared to finish the bark, but we had neither rigging nor sails nor iron enough," writes Tonty. "La Salle determined in this extremity not to wait longer, but to proceed on foot to Fort Frontenac, five hundred leagues away, for the necessary equipment. The ground was still covered with snow. His outfit must contain a blanket, a kettle, an axe, a gun, powder and lead and dressed skins for shoes (our French shoes being of no use in these western countries). He must push through bushes, walk in marshes and melting snow,

sometimes waist high for whole days, sometimes even with nothing to eat, because he must needs depend for subsistence on what he might shoot and drink only the water he might find on the way. Besides this he was constantly exposed to four or five Indian nations making war on each other."

And later Tonty wrote, from his own experience :

"There is no pleasure in meeting warriors on one's road, especially when they have been unsuccessful."⁵

In spite of the severe weather, in spite of storm and famine and sickness, they arrived safely. The *Griffin* had not been heard from. La Salle straightened out his financial affairs, got a new outfit together, enlisted twenty-five men, and again set out for Illinois.

Meantime Tonty, left at Crevecoeur with "three honest men and a dozen plotting knaves," was having serious troubles. Ten of his followers deserted, looted the magazine, took what food they could carry, and cast the rest into the river. Thrown on the charity of the Indians, Tonty's little party took refuge in their village for six months. Here the Illinois Indians were attacked by their old enemy, the Iroquois. The French tried their best to make a truce between them, the Illinois tribes retreated



MR. JAMES O. HAY

to the south, and Tonty, forced to leave, returned to Mackinac.

So when La Salle arrived he found the fort absolutely deserted. The savage Iroquois, the moment the French had gone, devastated the village, burned the lodges, and left the ground strewn with corpses of women and children. La Salle searched to see if any Frenchmen were there, turning over body after body, relieved to find no trace of them.⁶

Hoping to find them prisoners, he followed the Indians down the Illinois River to the Mississippi, searching for loyal Tonty. There his men proposed going on down the great river, but he must find his friends first; so they went north again, and after fourteen months' separation La Salle met his lieutenant.

"Any one else except him," wrote one of the priests, "would have abandoned the enterprise, but he, with a firmness and constancy which never had its equal, was more resolved than ever to push forward his work."⁷

The two friends had hardly greeted each other before they were planning another expedition; and in 1682 La Salle and Tonty finally explored the Mississippi clear to the sea. Many were their adventures on the way, many the strange tribes they met. Holding up the calumet, the Italian approached one

group, who joined their hands in token of friendship.

"But I, who had but one hand, could only tell my men do the same in response."

At the mouth of the Mississippi, with imposing ceremony, they erected a column and a cross, with the arms of France, and took possession of the country, calling it Louisiana. This valley was an empire far larger than France had in Europe, and extended her American boundary from Niagara to the gulf. La Salle saw at once its great resources and dreamed of its future. He conceived the idea of a New France, controlling the St. Lawrence, the chain of lakes and the Mississippi Valley. He planned a chain of military stations, which should be centers for trade and colonizing, and should hem the English in along the Atlantic coast. He himself built six of these posts, and his far-seeing plan became the policy of the French kings, till there were sixty forts whose possession determined the history of America.⁸

One of these posts, said La Salle, must be in the Illinois country, to prevent Iroquois raids. On their way north from the Gulf of Mexico, Tonty was left to finish fortifying the great rock on the Illinois River, which nature had begun. Impregnable on three sides, the fourth could be approached only

by a narrow winding path. Here the French made additional palisades, felling trees and dragging them up the steep path with incredible labor. Almost like an eagle's nest, the fort was built on the summit and named St. Louis du Rocher.⁹

In the valley far below gathered the Indians, nearly fourteen thousand of them. La Salle's plan was to protect them, teach them agriculture and Christianity, and sell them French goods in exchange for their furs. As governor of the country, Tonty held this vast group together, kept his garrison busy and contented, and exerted unbounded influence over the Indians.

Priests, traders, even the Illinois tribes, when the Iroquois appeared, found the fort a place of refuge in the wilderness. But after twenty years a jealous governor in Canada took away Tonty's position, the great rock became a trading-post, and later was burned by the Indians. The record of the "Jesuit Relations" says that Tonty died of yellow fever, at Biloxi, in 1704.¹⁰ But the Indian legend is that in the summer of 1718 Tonty's canoe once more arrived at Fort St. Louis, on a sad errand, and here died the brave Italian of the iron hand and loyal heart.¹¹

And there is another tradition of this great rock, telling the story of a group of Illinois Indians who took refuge here, hoping to escape the general

slaughter that followed Pontiac's death. The savage enemy they easily kept at bay, but hunger and thirst defeated them. With true Indian fortitude they lay down to die, and for years afterward their bones whitened the summit of the rock. And in memory of this tragedy the site of Tonty's fort is called, not St. Louis, but Starved Rock.

You remember the sad ending of La Salle's adventures? How he sailed from France to form a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, that Illinois might have a direct connection with the West Indies and Europe; how one ship went down in a storm, and one was captured by the Spanish; how by accident they went too far west and landed in Texas; and how the dauntless leader, starting overland to get help in Illinois or Canada, was murdered by one of his jealous men?

La Salle was a busy, restless spirit, a man of indomitable energy, untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of France. He was not a trader nor a priest, but an empire builder, seeing beyond his time the future of a continent. He was, writes Tonty, "one of the greatest men of the age, of wonderful ability, and capable of accomplishing any enterprise."¹²

Would you like to read more of these two friends? Parkman's *Discovery of the Great West*

tells their story, much of it translated from old French reports, and written in a most fascinating style. And you will find, in the first volume of the *Illinois Historical Collections*, Hennepin's narrative in English, and a memoir of Tonty, quaintly told and full of details.

You'd rather have a real story? Then read the *Man with the Iron Hand*, by Parish, and Catherwood's *Story of Tonty*, where La Salle and his little niece, Father Hennepin and Tonty are the characters at Fort Frontenac and Starved Rock.

V

UNDER THE FRENCH FLAG

UNLIKE most European colonies, which began with forts and palisades, the French frontier settlements were first a group of Indian lodges, then missionary stations with chapels, then trading-posts with store houses, and finally isolated villages. Vagabond wanderers, voyageurs, as the skilled river boatmen were called, and the forest outlaws, *coureurs de bois*, mingling with soldiers, priests and traders, formed a picturesque population. Little by little farmers came, and permanent settlements grew up.

Hunting and fishing supplied a living, the soil was very fertile, the climate mild and healthful. Best of all, the French were always on friendly terms with the Indians. In comparison with the English colonies, the early settlements in Illinois had few difficulties. There were no taxes to be paid, no government to be supported, the priests were the leaders of the people.

But France was having constant war in Europe and could not send supplies or men to this distant

province. So in 1712 the king granted to one of his counselors, Antoine Crozat, the commerce of Louisiana, which included Illinois. He was to search for mines, paying to the crown a fifth of the gold and silver and pearls he found, and a tenth of any other minerals.¹ For the French, like Englishmen and Spaniards, believed the country to be fabulously rich.

For four years Crozat's men dug and bored and prospected, finding only the lead mines in Missouri, opposite Kaskaskia. Clearly gold and silver were not here, and the grant was soon surrendered to the king.

Louisiana was then given to the Company of the West, part of John Law's marvelous credit scheme to rebuild the finances of France.² At the mouth of the Mississippi they founded the city of New Orleans. To protect the Illinois settlements they built Fort Chartres, a few miles above Kaskaskia.

Where the government's notes had been worth only twenty-two per cent., Law's shares were soon selling for thirteen hundred, for all France went crazy over his bank. The great fortunes made were quickly lost, for the scheme was a bubble that burst. The company was wrecked, Louisiana reverted to the crown, and the king made a new government for this province, separate from Canada, with Illinois one of its districts. For the first time men

could secure titles to the lands they had held only at the sufferance of the Indians.³

From Law's company the Illinois settlements received a new impulse. New Orleans now offered a market for all their surplus products. Going in convoys for safety, the boats carried flour, buffalo meat and venison, lead from the mines, furs and hides, and brought back in exchange rice, sugar, and cloth from Europe.

From 1740 to 1750 was the most prosperous decade, with perhaps a thousand people living in the five French villages. Each settlement had a common where all the cattle and horses were pastured, and each family kept up its part of the fencing. The houses were one story high, made of large timbers, the cracks filled up with mortar, and white-washed inside and out. They were an honest, devout people, and their story has few exciting events. So far from Europe, so isolated from other settlements in America, there is little to tell save as European history touches Illinois.

Do you remember how James II, driven from his English throne in 1688, fled to France, and Louis XIV took up arms in his defense, and began a series of wars between the two countries? They are named for the English rulers, William, Anne, and George. You have studied in United States history the campaigns in Canada and along the Atlantic

coast. Both nations recognized that distant possessions would be easy points of attack. The French realized then, if not before, the importance of their missions in the west, builded better than the priests knew, holding a long frontier for France, keeping the Indians as their allies.

"God alone could have saved Canada this year," wrote one governor-general. "But for the missions at the west, Illinois would have been abandoned, the fort of Mackinaw would have been lost, and a general rising among the natives, have completed the ruin of New France."⁴ And one of his successors, years later, wrote to Paris: "The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish. The king must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productiveness, and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained."⁵

But war or peace in Europe did not touch Illinois until the fourth contest began. For by 1750 Illinois was no longer isolated. Ever east had gone the line of French forts—Niagara, Crown Point and Ticonderoga, Vincennes, Massac on the Ohio, Duquesne, until they reached the eastern part of the Ohio Valley just as the English were crossing the Alleghanies from the Atlantic slope. The French gave warning that their territory was being taken. The Ohio Company sent George Washington to warn the

French off English ground; and with his building and surrender of Fort Necessity the war was on.

In preparation for this conflict the French rebuilt Fort Chartres, in Illinois, spending nearly a million dollars on a great stone fortification which they proudly called "the Gibraltar of the west."⁶ Indeed, an English engineer described it as "the most commodious and best built fort in North America." But it saw no fighting; the battles were all in Canada, south of the lakes, and at the most eastern of the frontier posts.

Remember, however, that Illinois was French and not English, and that soldiers from Fort Chartres were fighting, not with Braddock and Wolfe and Washington, but under French generals. French troops from Illinois watched "Monsieur de Wachenston" capitulate at Fort Necessity, and march back to Virginia on the fourth of July. They helped in the clever ambush that resulted in Braddock's defeat. They captured a fort in Pennsylvania. They sent men and provisions to Duquesne. Many of them were taken prisoners at Fort Niagara. They were under Montcalm at Quebec, when both generals lost their lives in the battle that decided the future of a continent.⁷

And when peace was declared, in 1763, Canada and Louisiana east of the Mississippi were surrendered to the English. For ninety years the French

had labored in Illinois, with never a lack of volunteers, when there fell some trader, explorer, or soldier of the cross. Yet they left no permanent impress on the country.

"Our life is passed," said a priest, describing his duties, "in rambling through thick woods, in climbing over hills, in paddling the canoe across lakes and rivers, to catch a poor savage who flies from us, and whom we can neither tame by teachings nor caresses."⁸ And years later another sorrowfully summed up his labors: "I can not say that my little efforts produced fruit. With regard to these nations, perhaps some one by a secret effort of grace has profited; this God only knows."⁹

All their years of sacrifice and toil came to naught, for the Indians never accepted Christianity. The Jesuits did, it is true, accumulate some property, for when they were expelled from France and French possessions, the commandant at Fort Chartres seized their mills for corn and planks, their stone church and chapel, a large stone house, a brewery, a farm of two hundred acres, and great herds of cattle and horses.

Like their missionaries, the French settlers accomplished little of value. To-day the fact of their occupancy of Illinois is scarcely more than a dream. For they were not successful colonizers and home builders, forming self-governing communities. Be-

neath the waters of the Mississippi their villages disappeared, or through the gradual desertion of their people. They were a wedge in the wilderness, a foundation for the Americans. But all that France did in Illinois is past history; there is no present.

Old Kaskaskia, by Catherwood, is an interesting story of this French settlement. And you will want to read the melancholy tale of the heroic D'Artaguet, commandant at Fort Chartres in the seven-teen thirties (this you will find in the Historical Library volume for 1905).

VI

THE BRIEF RULE OF ENGLAND

IN succeeding to power in 1763 England soon discovered that she had not succeeded to the French influence over the Indians. The French had something which adapted them peculiarly to the habits and feelings of the red men, something which the English did not have and never learned.

“When the French came hither, they came and kissed us,” said an old chief; “they called us children, and we found them fathers; we lived like children in the same lodge.”

Not so the English. When they obtained the country dissatisfaction showed immediately among the western tribes. “The conduct of the French never gave rise to suspicion,” commented Pontiac, “the conduct of the English never gave rest to it.” So he planned to drive the “dogs in red clothes” into the sea, by uniting the tribes along the whole frontier, more than a thousand miles, into a confederacy.¹

You remember how the Indians determined to

"shut up the way," by attacking all the British posts on the same day; and how, by a ball game and other tricks, they did win eleven forts, taking the English wholly by surprise? Their plan seemed near success when word came to Detroit that peace was made between French and English, and the red men would be given no more ammunition.

"Our great father," said the French commandant at Fort Chartres, "can do no more for his red children; he is beyond the sea and can not hear their voices; you must make peace with the English."²

Gradually Pontiac's eighteen tribes deserted, he abandoned Detroit and went to Illinois, where he was murdered by a vagabond Indian, bribed with a barrel of whisky. But for two years he was virtually the ruler in the western country, and England made several vain attempts to take possession of Illinois. Her officers were waylaid, taken prisoner, or killed; the Indians continued to "shut up the way."

Not until October, 1765, did a company of kilted Highlanders arrive at Fort Chartres. The twenty-one French soldiers formally surrendered the "Gibraltar of the west." The white flag of France, with the three lilies, came down, and in its place was the red cross of St. George.

Illinois was now an English colony, part of the

province of Quebec, governed by George III. Under orders from General Gage, commander-in-chief of all the British forces in America, the same General Gage who was afterward in Boston, a royal proclamation was read at Kaskaskia, promising religious freedom to the French, who were Roman Catholics.³ Even with this assurance the inhabitants so dreaded English rule that fully a third of them left their homes, crossing to the Spanish at St. Louis or going down the river to New Orleans. So the newcomers did no more than keep the population even.

A small English garrison was stationed at Fort Chartres. When the Mississippi, suddenly rising one spring, washed away one side of the stone fort, the troops were moved to Kaskaskia, where they surrounded the old Jesuit building with a stockade and called it Fort Gage.⁴

The thirteen years of British rule in Illinois are singularly eventless, especially when you remember the remarkable happenings of these years along the coast. For during this time Parliament was taxing the colonies without giving them representation. The great debt following the French wars was incurred, said the English, for your defense, and you must help pay.

Not in that way, said the colonies. The tax on

tea, the Boston party, the shots fired at Lexington, the battle of Bunker Hill, brought on the Revolutionary War. But, just as during the French wars, Illinois was far away from the actual fighting.

VII

THE AMERICAN CONQUEST .

WHILE the thirteen colonies were fighting the armies of George III the first settlements were being made on the frontier. From Virginia and North Carolina the newcomers advanced into Kentucky to take possession of the land.

Immediately there was trouble with the Indians. Stirred up by the English traders and by Hamilton, the governor at Detroit, known as "the hair-buying general," because he paid in advance for scalps, the red men began their attacks. And the Americans banded together to defend their homes.

One of the leaders was a young Virginian, who, like Washington, was a backwoods surveyor. Placed at the head of Kentucky's militia, George Rogers Clark was planning how best the settlements could be defended. The Indian raids he traced directly back to the English, who were furnishing guns and ammunition to the savages, from Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit. Taking these posts from the British, he determined, was the one possible way of ending these barbarous attacks.

That Clark was right in thinking the English were the cause of the whole trouble we know now, positively, from many letters found in the British records in Canada. This is a sample:

"It is the King's command," the colonial secretary at London wrote to the governor-general at Quebec, "that you direct Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton of Detroit to assemble as many of the Indians of his district as he conveniently can, and placing a proper person at their head to . . . employ them in making a diversion and exciting alarm on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania."¹

And Hamilton, while marching from Detroit to Vincennes, writes back to Quebec:

"It will be practicable to establish a post and build a fort . . . but for this, aids of men and merchandise will be necessary to support what may be undertaken and to keep up the good disposition of the Indians. Those of this nation have promised to raise all their warriors next spring, and to spread themselves in all directions on the frontier."²

In his long surveying trips Clark had become well acquainted with the various settlements west of the Alleghanies. He was the first to appreciate the advantages of extending the colonies' western boundary to the Mississippi. Like La Salle, he planned for the future.

In the summer of 1777 he sent two spies to the forts on the Wabash and the Illinois; and they reported to him that the militia were well organized, but the English kept a loose guard, and though the French had been told that the Kentuckians were more cruel than the Indians, many of them were plainly in sympathy with the colonies.

Back to Virginia hastened Clark, to lay his plan before the governor, Patrick Henry. The Americans had just won the battle of Saratoga, and Burgoyne's surrender made the suggestion for a vigorous campaign in the west especially opportune. The scheme, bold and well thought out, was enthusiastically received, when Clark put it before the governor and his advisers. They saw its vast possibilities, as well as its enormous difficulties.

"What will you do," asked Thomas Jefferson, "in case you are defeated?"

"Cross the Mississippi," came the prompt reply, "and seek the protection of the Spaniards!"³

And with the foresight which later marked his purchase of Louisiana, Jefferson said to Clark that his campaign "would, if successful, have an important bearing ultimately in establishing the north-western boundary."⁴

The plan was regarded as extremely hazardous; its one chance of success, absolute secrecy; so the legislature was asked to send an expedition for the

defense of Kentucky. And true that was—Clark's primary object was to end the Indian raids!

Virginia, using her every energy to help Washington, gave what aid she could—twelve hundred pounds in paper money, far below par; authority to raise seven companies, of fifty men each, wherever Clark could find them; and a promise to each soldier of three hundred acres of land in the conquered territory.⁵

But the secrecy made it difficult to find the seven companies. And it was not until May that Clark's boats, with less than two hundred men, started west from Fort Pitt. The usual route to Kaskaskia was, of course, all the way by water, down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. But there must be no advance news of their coming. Learning that French and Indian scouts were watching the river, Clark determined to march overland.

Two things occurred to make them more certain of success. A letter came from the east with the good news that France had joined with the colonies in their war against England, and was sending her fleet and an army. This would make a favorable impression on the French inhabitants, thought Clark, and also on the Indians.

Then they met some hunters who had lately been at Kaskaskia. All that the spies had reported, a

year before, they confirmed, adding, writes the leader in his journal:

"that if they received timely notice of us, they would collect and give us a warm reception, as they were taught to harbor a most horrid idea of the barbarity of Rebels, especially the Virginians; but that if we could surprise the place, which they were in hopes we might, they made no doubt of our being able to do as we pleased."

"No part of their information pleased me more," Clark goes on, "than that of the inhabitants viewing us as more savage than their neighbors, the Indians. I was determined to improve upon this, if I was fortunate enough to get them into my possession; as I conceived the greater the shock I could give them at first, the more sensibly would they feel my lenity, and become more valuable friends."⁶

With these hunters as guides the Virginians struck across country, a distance of a hundred and twenty miles from Fort Massac, where the American flag was first unfurled in Illinois, to "the ancient French village of Kaskaskia." It was not an easy journey at best, for it was a wild region, with streams to be forded and many swamps. With great caution they pushed through the forest and over "those level plains that is frequent throughout this extensive country, . . . much afraid

of being discovered in these meadows, as we might be seen in many places for several miles.”⁷ Secrecy was so important that Clark was afraid to send out hunting parties in search of game, lest they be discovered.

Such an army as they were! They had left behind all unnecessary baggage, and traveled as light as Indians. They had no uniforms other than the fringed hunting shirt, homespun trousers, and moccasins which made the usual dress of the backwoodsman. Their clothes were torn and soiled from the rough usage given them. Their beards were three weeks long. The officers could not be distinguished from their men!

On the afternoon of the fourth of July they reached the Kaskaskia River, three miles from the town. Hiding in the woods till dusk, they took possession of a farmhouse and learned from the family that the day before the soldiers were all under arms, but had concluded there was no cause for alarm and were off their guard.

Like Stark at the battle of Bennington, Clark made a speech to his men, brief, but conveying the precise idea he intended:

“The town is to be taken at all events.”⁸

“I immediately divided my little army into two divisions. With one of the divisions I marched to

the fort, and ordered the others into different quarters of the town. If I met with no resistance, at a given signal, a general shout was to be given, . . . and men of each detachment, who could speak the French language, were to run through every street and proclaim what had happened; and inform the inhabitants that every person that appeared in the streets would be shot down. . . .

"In a very little time we had complete possession and every avenue was guarded, to prevent any escape to give the alarm to the other villages. . . . I don't suppose greater silence ever reigned among the inhabitants of a place than did at this at present; not a person to be seen, not a word to be heard by them for some time, but designedly, the greatest noise kept up by our troops through every quarter of the town, and patrols continually the whole night round it."⁹

One of Clark's men describes the attack, telling how they found the gate of Fort Gage open, pushed on in the dark to the commandant's house, found the unsuspecting governor, Rocheblave, up-stairs in bed, brought him down a prisoner, and then gave a loud huzza, answered by the others. The French began screaming, "The Long Knives! The Long Knives!" (the name used for the Virginians by both French and Indians) and the Americans, yelling like mad, easily overpowered the garrison, and in fifteen minutes were masters of the place, without firing a gun. A bloodless conquest, surely!

Clark raised the terror of the French inhabitants to a painful height. He arrested the principal men of the village, for talking earnestly together, and put them in irons without allowing them to say a word in their defense. He forbade the people to have any intercourse between themselves or with the soldiers. Remembering the fate of their countrymen in Acadia, the poor creatures expected neither mercy nor compassion.

The priest, Pierre Gibault, with five or six elderly citizens, asked for an audience with Clark. In a low submissive voice he begged permission for them all "to assemble once more in the church to take final leave of each other, as they expected to be separated, never to meet again on earth." The American assented, but said they must not venture out of the town.

"They remained a considerable time in the church," goes on his journal, "after which the priest and many of the principal men came to me to return thanks for the indulgence shown them, and begged permission to address me further on the subject that was more dear to them than anything else; that their present situation was the fate of war; that the loss of their property they could reconcile; but were in hopes that I would not part them from their families; and that the women and children might be allowed to keep some of their clothes and a small quantity of provisions."¹⁰

Clark now threw off his disguise and said to the committee, who listened in utter amazement, afraid to trust their ears:

“Do you mistake us for savages? Do you think that Americans intend to strip the women and children, or take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to make war upon helpless innocence. It was to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery upon our own wives and children that we have taken arms and penetrated into this remote stronghold of British and Indian barbarity. . . . And now, to prove my sincerity, you will please inform your fellow citizens that they are quite at liberty to go wherever they please, without the least apprehension. . . . And your friends who are in confinement shall be immediately released.”¹¹

The joy of the inhabitants was so intense on hearing this message that it is difficult adequately to describe it. The bells rang, the little church was immediately crowded, and thanks returned to God for the miraculous manner in which He had subdued the minds of their conquerors.

“Joy sparkled in their eyes,” writes Clark, “and they fell into transports that really surprised me. . . . In a few minutes the scene of mourning and distress was turned into an excess of joy, nothing else was seen nor heard. Adorning the streets with

flowers, pavilions (flags) of different colors, completing their happiness by singing, &c."¹²

Every one of the inhabitants took the oath of loyalty to the commonwealth of Virginia. And when soldiers were sent to take possession of Cahokia, a company of Frenchmen volunteered to join them, to persuade their relatives and friends to follow their example. As one man, Cahokia went over to the Americans. There was, however, one exception, the commander of the garrison at Kaskaskia, who was violent and insulting. So Clark, despatching a report to Patrick Henry, sent him along to Virginia as a prisoner, sold his slaves for two thousand five hundred dollars and divided the money among his men.

Thus a country larger than the British Isles was added to the colonies, by the energy of one man, commanding four companies of militia.

But Clark recognized the difficulties of his situation. With so few soldiers, he was surrounded by French, Spanish and numerous bands of savages on every quarter. "Every nation of Indians could raise three or four times our number," and they were "savages, whose minds had long been poisoned by the English."¹³ The sudden arrival of the "Long Knives" had thrown the red men into the greatest consternation. They did not know which side to

stand by. But they sought advice from their old friends, the French traders, who counseled them to "come and solicit for peace, and did not doubt but we might be good friends."

"I am a man and warrior, not a councilor," said Clark to the Indians. "I carry war in my right hand, peace in my left. I am sent by the great council of the Long Knives and their friends, to take possession of all the towns occupied by the English in this country, and to watch the red people; to bloody the paths of those who attempt to stop the course of the rivers, and to clear the roads for those who desire to be in peace. . . . Here is a bloody belt, and a peace belt; take which you please; behave like men, and do not let your being surrounded by Long Knives cause you to take up one belt with your hands while your hearts take up the other. If you take the bloody path, you can go in safety and join your friends, the English. We will try then like warriors who can stain our clothes the longest with blood."¹⁴

If, on the other hand, they took the path of peace, they would be received as brothers to the Big Knives with their friends, the French. An alliance was formed with various chiefs, and these tribes remained the faithful friends of the Americans.

Clark realized that he must have also the good

will of the Spanish just across the Mississippi at St. Louis. His advances were well received, "our friends the Spaniards doing everything in their power to convince me of their friendship." Indeed, their governor formed an attachment for the tall Virginian, who on his side writes that, as he "was never before in company with any Spanish Gent, I was much surprised in my expectations, for instead of finding that reserve thought peculiar to that nation, . . . freedom almost to excess gave the greatest pleasure."¹⁵

Meantime there was the English post at Vincennes, between Kaskaskia and Virginia, threatening to stop all communication, making their position unsafe in the extreme. Clark planned an expedition against the fort on the Wabash, and sent for Father Gibault.

"He had great influence over the people at this period, and Post Vincennes was under his jurisdiction. I made no doubt of his integrity to us."

Indeed, the "patriot priest of the Northwest" was Clark's zealous friend, after he was told that an American officer had "nothing to do with churches more than to defend them from insult, that by the laws of the state of Virginia his religion had as great privileges as any other."

"In answer to all my inquiries," says Clark's journal, "he informed me that he did not think it worth while to cause any military preparation to be made . . . for the attack of Post Vincennes, although the place was strong and a great number of Indians in its neighborhood . . . that he expected that when the inhabitants were fully acquainted with what had passed at the Illinois, and the present happiness of their friends, and made fully acquainted with the nature of the war, that their sentiments would greatly change . . . that if it was agreeable to me he would take this business on himself, and had no doubt of his being able to bring that place over to the American interest, without my being at the trouble of marching against it."

So the troops stayed quietly at Kaskaskia, while the priest's party set out, on the fourteenth of July,

"arrived safe, and after spending a day or two in explaining matters to the people, they universally acceded to the proposal, and went in a body to the church, where the oath of allegiance was administered to them in the most solemn manner. An officer was elected, the fort immediately garrisoned, and the American flag displayed, to the astonishment of the Indians, and everything settled far beyond our most sanguine hopes."¹⁶

But Vincennes was too important for the English to lose so easily. General Hamilton was greatly annoyed at the news, raised an army at Detroit, and,

heading it himself, set out to recapture the town. Delayed at the portage by their great amount of baggage, and by the ice on the streams, they did not arrive till December.

Only two Americans were in the fort, but a splendid resistance they made. A cannon, well charged, was placed in the open gate, and Captain Helm stood by it, with a lighted match in his hand. When the English came within hailing distance he called out in a loud voice, "Halt!"

Hamilton stopped and demanded the surrender of the fort.

"No man shall enter until I know the terms," was the reply.

The English answered, "You shall have the honors of war," and the garrison surrendered, one officer and one man!

Over a month passed before this news reached Clark in Kaskaskia, with the further report that Hamilton was planning a great spring campaign in Illinois, after which he would make a clean sweep of the Kentucky settlements. Had the English pushed forward at once to Kaskaskia, the Americans would have had to surrender, or cross the Mississippi, giving up what they had gained.

"I knew that if I did not take him, he would take me," wrote Clark in his journal, and made a bold plan to attack first, by a march overland. And the

story of that attack is most interesting, but too long for more than a hint at its dramatic events: how Clark sent the St. Louis merchant, Francis Vigo, to find out the strength of the troops at Vincennes; and how Vigo, arrested as a spy, kept his parole to Hamilton, and yet brought the needed information;¹⁷ how the Americans fitted out a boat to carry their supplies and cannon, but it arrived three days too late; how the force of a hundred and seventy men marched two hundred and thirty miles in February, when the rivers were all out of their banks, and they often had to cross in water up to their shoulders; how Clark, six feet tall, red-headed, always dashed into the cold water first, encouraging the weak, starting a gay song, alternately sternly commanding and teasing his men; how for four days they were near enough to hear the morning guns at Vincennes, without fires at night, for two days with no food; how Clark marched his men back and forth, with all their flags showing, in sight of the town, but partly hidden by the rising ground, till the Vincennes people thought they were at least a thousand; how the inhabitants were won over by a clever letter; how they fired on the English gunners through the loopholes, until Hamilton could no longer keep them at their posts; how Clark forced the British to accept his terms of surrender, and the whole garrison, thirteen cannon, and all the military

stores, fell into the hands of the Americans. All this you must read for yourself, for this capture of Vincennes is one of the most notable and heroic achievements in the nation's history—a bold scheme, well planned and skilfully carried out, by a small party of ragged and half-famished soldiers.¹⁸

Hamilton, the hair-buying general, you may be glad to know, was sent to Virginia as a prisoner, and kept in close confinement. Despite the many protests of the English, that state, because of the cruel practises he had encouraged, “refused to exchange him on any terms,” until near the close of the Revolution.

While they were still at Vincennes word came from Governor Henry, thanking the troops for their capture of Kaskaskia. The Virginia legislature made all the territory west and north of the Ohio River into Illinois County, the largest county in the world. John Todd of Kentucky was appointed county lieutenant, to take charge of the civil department, so that Clark could give all his time to military affairs.

“I was anxious for his arrival, and happy in his appointment, as the greatest intimacy and friendship subsisted between us; and in May had the pleasure of seeing him safely landed at Kaskaskia, to the joy of every person. I now saw myself happily rid of a piece of trouble that I had no delight in.”¹⁹

The civil government and the courts well started under Colonel Todd, Clark returned to Virginia. He wanted to attack Detroit, to push the American frontier farther north, and frightened the British by his preparations. But the colonies could not give him the men and money he required, and, much to his disappointment, he never undertook what would have been the crowning achievement of his career.

But he had made a great reputation, and in 1783 Thomas Jefferson wrote him, proposing another expedition to the west.

"I find," says his letter to Clark, "they have subscribed a very large sum of money in England for exploring the country from the Mississippi to California. They pretend it is only to promote knowledge. I am afraid they have thoughts of colonizing into that quarter. Some of us have been talking here . . . of making the attempt to search that country. . . . How would you like to lead such a party?"²⁰

This plan, however, came to nothing. But Jefferson never forgot it. And just twenty years later, Clark's younger brother William set out, with Meriwether Lewis, on a similar expedition, under orders from Jefferson, who was then president. They traced the Missouri to its source and went down the Columbia to the Pacific. So both the Clarks added a large and rich district to the United States.

For the remainder of the Revolutionary War Virginia held the Illinois country, and the Indians were friendly. Clark was the one man whose personal influence, plus a small force of soldiers, could keep the people in order. The French respected him, the border men adored him, the red men feared him.

In discussing terms of peace, in 1782 and '83, the English commissioners claimed this territory as a part of Canada. But Jay and Franklin persisted in demanding for the colonies the country Clark had won and Virginia was then holding. England yielded, less because of the garrisons then in possession than because of Benjamin Franklin's argument that there could be no permanent peace unless the United States had room for growth; that the westward movement over the mountains could not be stopped, the rough border men could not be restrained from constant encroachment on the wilderness, and that the frontier, on any other terms, would provide an endless fight.²¹

Of course you will want to read the story of Clark's conquest in detail. Thwaites's *How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest* is a brief account, very interesting. Butterfield's *Clark's Conquest of the Northwest* is a longer narrative, giving Bowman's journal and Clark's memoir and letter. These you will find, also, in volume one of

the *Illinois Historical Collections*; and volume eight is wholly Clark papers—letters and journals and memoirs, often with no changes in the quaint spelling and punctuation of the Virginian officer. *The Conquest* is a Clark story, written by Dye.

VIII

TERRITORIAL YEARS

SO the Revolutionary War ended by England's recognizing the independence of the United States, and fixing the boundary at the Mississippi River.

The Illinois country was claimed by Virginia, because the grant of James I to the London Company included all the land westward to the Pacific Ocean, and because of Clark's conquest. Had not the French inhabitants sworn allegiance to the commonwealth of Virginia? Were not her soldiers in the frontier garrisons? Were not the courts of justice administering her laws?

But New York claimed part of the land, because of her treaty with the Five Nations. And Massachusetts and Connecticut claimed parts of the country, because their grants from the King of England ran to the Pacific. And a splendid quarrel threatened.

It was a patriotic and wise plan, first proposed by Maryland, and in time agreed to by all four states, that each should yield to the federal govern-

ment its western land claims.¹ Like Hamilton's plan to establish the tariff and take over the state debts, this gave each state a direct interest in the success of the national government. The Northwest Territory, as it was now called, thus became property held in common, for the benefit of all the states. The gradual sale of the land would help pay the Revolutionary debt.

Not until 1786 did the last state make its tardy cession, and the following year Congress passed an ordinance establishing a government for the new possessions.

"We are accustomed," said Daniel Webster, "to praise the law-givers of antiquity; we help to perpetuate the fame of Solon and Lycurgus, but I doubt that one single law, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the ordinance of 1787."²

For it did more than meet the immediate needs, it planned for the future, providing government by Congress for the whole territory, then semi-self-government, and finally admission to the Union as three or five states. Special provisions were made, "to remain forever unalterable, unless by common consent," guaranteeing freedom of worship, trial by jury, the encouragement of schools, and no slavery.

This ordinance has been called "the great Amer-

ican charter," for it determined the destiny of the states formed from the Northwest Territory, and was a powerful factor in settling two great national questions—slavery and state sovereignty. It was passed unanimously, by men building better than they knew. And it is interesting to note that of the eight states represented that day in Congress, seven were slave states.³ Perhaps they agreed to the "no slavery" clause because in 1787 slavery was not a political issue. Indeed, one Virginian voted for it, saying that this would prevent raising tobacco and indigo and cotton north of the Ohio River.⁴

For thirteen years the people in the Northwest Territory had no share in the government. Congress appointed the governor and secretary, and established a court with three judges, who, with the governor, adopted such laws of the other states as were needed. The first governor was Arthur St. Clair, who had been an officer in the Revolution. His was a difficult position, for his people were widely scattered and the Indians unfriendly. The peace of 1783 had not included the red men, and they were constantly attacking the new settlements.

Both English and French traders had wanted furs, furs, furs; they wished the country to remain a wilderness. But these Americans, crossing the Alleghanies, spread over their hunting grounds and

made farms along the rivers. The Indians saw themselves driven from the land, like leaves before the autumn wind. And always there was the British agent, at the posts still held in the northwest, stirring up trouble:

"Your father, King George, loves his red children, and wishes his red children supplied with everything they want. He is not like the Americans, who are continually blinding your eyes, and stopping your ears with good words, that taste sweet as sugar, while they get all your lands from you."⁵

The Americans suggested a treaty, giving a fair equivalent for the land, but the Indians refused every proposal. The raids must be stopped, and soldiers were sent to the frontier. A first army was driven back by the savages, the next met a Braddock's defeat; then Wayne, the "Mad Anthony Wayne" who captured Stony Point, won a great victory, laid waste their cabins and corn fields for fifty miles, and the Indians made a treaty giving up a large tract of land. If it was ever broken, threatened Wayne, he would rise from his grave to fight them again. This quieted the excitement along the whole frontier, and Wayne's treaty was kept until 1812.

When this news spread abroad, with life and

property secured, settlers began to pour into the territory in a steadily increasing stream. The frontier was pushed back by the hardy pioneers.

In 1800 Congress divided the unwieldy Northwest Territory into two parts: Ohio, and all the rest, called Indiana Territory. William Henry Harrison was appointed governor of Indiana, with Vincennes as the capital; and for nine years Illinois was a part of Indiana, without even a name of its own.

As settlements increased in the neighborhood of the Mississippi, the sentiment in favor of separating from Indiana grew. For between them and Vincennes the country was a wilderness, the journey to the capital full of hardship and danger. In 1806 and '07 and '08, memorials were sent to Congress, asking that Illinois be separated from Indiana, and the following year Washington made the division.⁶

On the recommendation of Henry Clay, Ninian Edwards of Kentucky was appointed as governor of Illinois Territory; and Nathaniel Pope was made secretary.

In a brief three years Illinois grew so rapidly that it was advanced from the first to the second stage of territorial government. The governor was appointed as before, but the laws were now made by the legislature—seven representatives and five coun-

cilors elected by the people. They also elected a delegate to Congress.

The first territorial legislature of Illinois met at Kaskaskia in November, 1812, in an old building of rough limestone, with steep roof and gables of unpainted boards. The first floor, a low cheerless room, was for the house of representatives. A small room up-stairs served for the council. There was one doorkeeper for both houses. The twelve members boarded with the same family, and lodged, it is said, all in one room! And it is an interesting little fact that of these dozen legislators, not one was a lawyer, and each one had been a soldier.

Unlike the old French régime, the government had to be financed. The funds for the territory were raised by a tax on land: a dollar for every hundred acres of bottom land, seventy-five cents for the uplands. The county revenue was a dollar tax on slaves, fifteen dollars for merchants, ten dollars for a ferry, a small tax on houses worth two hundred dollars or more; horses fifty cents, and cattle a dime.⁷

Some of the old laws of the territory of Illinois are especially interesting. Treason and murder, arson and horse stealing were punished by death. For stealing a hog a man was fined from fifty to a hundred dollars, and given from twenty-five to thirty-

nine lashes on his bare back. Altering the brand on a horse meant a hundred and forty lashes. And a man who received a stolen horse, knowing it to be stolen, was declared as guilty as the thief.⁸

Other punishments were confinement in the pillory and stocks and heavy fines. If unable to pay, the culprit was hired out by the sheriff to any one who would pay his fine; if a man ran away, his penalty was double time. You see, the territory of Illinois was almost as puritanic as New England.

IX

THE WAR OF 1812

WHILE Illinois was taking the first steps in self-government the War of 1812 began. You remember how England kept the forts in the northwest, in spite of the treaty of peace, and abused our sailors on the high seas? There was no fighting in Illinois between British and American troops, just as in the previous wars. The battles, you know, were on the ocean, in Canada, and near New Orleans.

But the war came directly to Illinois, on account of the Indian attacks incited by English agents all through the northwest. The great leader of the red men was Tecumseh, who with his brother, the Prophet, joined many tribes in a conspiracy, like Pontiac's, to drive the white men east over the mountains, away from the hunting grounds of the whole Mississippi Valley.

In his interviews with Harrison, who had followed Wayne's plan of securing land by treaties, Tecumseh insisted that none of these agreements was binding, as they had been made by individual

tribes, instead of with the consent of all the tribes. He offered an alliance, if the Americans would give up all the lands they held by treaty or purchase. But Harrison replied "that the president would put his warriors in petticoats, sooner than give up the country he had fairly acquired, or to suffer his people to be murdered with impunity."¹

"Then the Great Spirit," said Tecumseh, "must decide the matter. It is true the president is so far off that he will not be injured by the war. He may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."²

And fight it out they did, in the battle of Tippecanoe, a famous Harrison victory.

When war was finally declared, the Americans wanted to conquer Canada, just as in the early days of the Revolution. General Hull crossed at Detroit and encamped on Canadian soil, but soon withdrew his force and surrendered Detroit and the whole territory of Michigan, while his men wept at the disgrace. Other posts suffered, too, miserably provided for, through Hull's incompetence, or because his requests for men and supplies were not met at Washington.

Chief of these was the little fort on the Chicago River, which had been built eight years before, "to supply the Indians' wants and to control the Indians' policy." It consisted of two blockhouses,

surrounded by a stockade, a subterranean passage from the parade to the river, and three pieces of light artillery. It was named Fort Dearborn, after a general in the United States Army.

This summer of 1812 it had a garrison of seventy-five men under Captain Heald. Hull, commanding the entire northwest, sent a friendly Indian to Heald, with orders "to evacuate the fort at Chicago if practicable, and in that event, to distribute all of the United States property contained in the fort, and the United States factory, or agency, among the Indians of the neighborhood, and repair to Fort Wayne."³

If the garrison was not to be reinforced, leaving this isolated fort was perhaps a wise move. Not so, the indiscriminate giving to the Indians!

The messenger urged that the Americans, if they were going, should go without a moment's delay, leaving all things standing, and make their retreat while the savages were busy dividing the spoils. Several of the officers remonstrated with Heald, saying it was little short of madness, urging him to stay in the fort, for they had provisions and ammunition for six months, and it was better to fall into the hands of the English than become the victims of the savages. But Heald was a soldier, with orders from his general, and disregarded this prudent advice.

The Indians were showing distinct signs of unfriendliness, walking boldly into the fort without answering the sentinels. Yet Heald called them to a council and asked their escort to Fort Wayne, promising large rewards on their arrival, in addition to the presents he would give them immediately. To this the red men agreed.

The next day all the goods and provisions in the government store were distributed among the Indians—blankets, broadcloths, calicoes, paints. But even Captain Heald was struck with the folly of giving them arms and ammunition, and liquor to fire their brains. At night, with the greatest silence and secrecy, the barrels of whisky were rolled through the underground passage and emptied into the stream, the guns and powder thrown into a well.

But the Indians, suspecting the game, approached as near as possible, heard the knocking in of the barrel heads, and saw the whole affair. The river tasted "like strong grog," they said the next morning. Murmurs and threats were heard on every side. They bitterly reproached the Americans for not keeping their pledge. Years later Black Hawk insisted that Heald's broken promise brought on the massacre.⁴

But some of the Indians were truly the friends of the white men. One chief warned them that the Pottawatomies could not be trusted. Another,

Black Partridge, went to Captain Heald after the council, saying, "Father, I am come to deliver up to you the medal I wear. It was given me by your countrymen, and I have long worn it, as a token of our friendship. Our young men are resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the whites. I can not restrain them, and will not wear a token of peace when compelled to act as an enemy."⁵

Notwithstanding all these warnings, on the morning of the fifteenth of August, Captain Heald marched out of the fort at the head of his troops, their families and baggage, and bringing up the rear was a force of five hundred Indians, the escort to Fort Wayne. The long line started down the beach road, near the lake. A mile and a half from the fort, the Indians changed to the prairie road, with sand dunes intervening between them and the Americans.

Suddenly a volley of musketry poured in upon the soldiers. Brought into line, the troops charged up the bank, and the battle at once became general. The Americans behaved most gallantly, and though they were few in number, sold their lives dearly. But when two-thirds of them had been killed, the remainder surrendered, stipulating for their own safety, and the safety of the women and children.

The wounded soldiers were not specifically mentioned, and the Indians, insisting they had not been included, tomahawked them during the night. The

dozen children in one of the baggage wagons were killed. The fort was plundered and burned to the ground. The prisoners were distributed among the savages, and not till a year later ransomed at Detroit.⁶

This massacre at Fort Dearborn was the greatest that ever occurred in Illinois. Troops were at once enlisted for expeditions against the tribes that had taken part, several of their villages were destroyed and their fields laid waste.

For the rest of the war the frontier was put in a state of defense. Blockhouses and stockade forts were repaired and strengthened. Remote settlers and garrisons were moved to the villages. New companies of "rangers," mounted militia, patrolled the border.

In spite of these precautions, the frontier reached so far that the greatest diligence in ranging could not give perfect security. Raids and murders increased as the war went on, for the Indians were given additional incentives by the British, who kept up their work of "setting the red men like dogs upon the whites." Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Harrison's at the Thames forced the savages to retreat from Canada, and center their attacks on the Mississippi settlements. North of the Illinois River the Indians kept the upper hand until peace finally brought them to terms.

Mrs. Kinzie, whose family were among the first settlers at Fort Dearborn, wrote a most interesting story called *Waubun, the Early Day in the Northwest*. You will enjoy her account of the massacre, told partly in the words of an eye-witness, the wife of one of the officers, who was saved by Black Partridge. The Wentworth essays, published in the Fergus historical series, and Quaife's *Chicago and the Old Northwest* are other interesting accounts; and you will find a good chapter in Parrish's *Historic Illinois*.

X

ILLINOIS BECOMES A STATE

PROVINCE, county, territory, Illinois was soon ready to ask for a final form of government. After the War of 1812 the number of settlers increased very rapidly. The fertility of the soil and the healthful climate attracted many immigrants. The cessation of Indian attacks made life and property secure. The introduction of steamboats on lakes and rivers made the journey far easier. Best of all, Congress passed an act giving settlers the right of preemption on public lands, protecting them against speculators.¹ In ten years the population increased nearly five hundred per cent.

Early in 1818 the legislature of the territory sent a petition to Nathaniel Pope, their delegate at Washington, asking for the admission of Illinois to the Union. A bill for this purpose was introduced in Congress in April.

Pope, looking to the future, suggested two amendments. In the other states formed from the Northwest Territory three per cent. of the public land

money was given to the states for building roads and bridges. But in Illinois this was to be used for schools.²

Still more important was the question of the boundary, which had been fixed by the ordinance of 1787; but Pope suggested that the line from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan should be moved farther north. Illinois, said he, is the keystone in the arch of western states. Her size and the opportunity afforded for supporting a large population will make her an influential state. She will be an important factor in preserving or dissolving the Union, should that question arise. Geography ties her closely to south and west, because of the river commerce on the Mississippi and its tributaries. Now, if we give Illinois a frontage on Lake Michigan, where the steamboats will soon increase trade, she will have equally strong business ties with the eastern states. Linked to both south and east, her interests would be conservative, and she will support the federal union.³

Congress agreed unanimously with Pope, and the line was fixed at $42^{\circ} 30'$. Wisconsin made repeated efforts to have her land restored; but her petitions to Congress were tabled and she was admitted to the Union in 1848 with no change in the boundary.

This moving of the northern line and the provision for the support of schools were urged by

Pope without special instructions from the legislature. Illinois was being built better than the people knew. Without Pope's line the entire history of state and nation would have to be changed. For it added to Illinois a strip of land, sixty-one miles wide, from which fourteen counties were made. It gave her the lead mines of Galena, a generous share of the lake front, the site of Chicago. It made possible the Illinois-Michigan Canal and the Illinois Central railroad.

And when you learn that the vote of these northern counties, in later years, kept Illinois a free state, carried the state Republican in 1856 and made Lincoln a presidential possibility, and gave him the vote of Illinois in 1860, you may well marvel at Pope's suggestion as that of a prophet, foreseeing the danger to the nation in slavery and state sovereignty, and placing Illinois squarely in the right. Forty-two years later the prophecy was fulfilled. The south did secede, but Illinois remained in the Union, setting an example of loyalty to Missouri and Kentucky, her neighbors on the border.

During the summer of 1818 a convention met at Kaskaskia, to make a constitution for the new state of Illinois. It divided the government into three parts, just like the federal plan: legislative, with two branches, executive and judicial. The governor, lieutenant-governor and senators were to be elected

every four years, the representatives every two. The supreme court was to have four judges, who heard cases in the circuit courts also.

The governor must be at least thirty years of age, a resident of the United States for thirty years and of Illinois for two years before his election. The same requirements were made for the lieutenant-governor, but after the constitution was completed and signed by the delegates, this was changed. The clause, "a citizen of the United States for thirty years," was stricken out from the qualifications for lieutenant-governor, that Pierre Menard, a Frenchman in Kaskaskia who had just been naturalized, might hold this office.⁴

This first constitution for Illinois had several peculiar features. The legislature, not the governor, appointed almost all the officials for counties and state. Hordes of place hunters went to the capital at every session and besieged members for offices. The legislature had the right to grant divorces. Worst of all, it could pledge the state's credit without limit, a fact that later brought Illinois to the verge of bankruptcy. It had one splendid provision—no imprisonment for debt, Illinois being one of the first states to do away with this practise.

A draft of the new constitution was sent to Congress and that body passed a resolution on the third

of December, 1818, declaring Illinois to be "one of the United States of America, and admitted to the Union on an equal footing with the original states in all respects."

XI

EARLY YEARS OF STATEHOOD

OUR state history begins, then, in the winter of 1818, with Kaskaskia as the capital. But almost the first thing done by the legislature, following the example of Congress in making Washington the capital of the nation, was to choose a new capital for Illinois.

Congress, when petitioned, granted the state four sections of land, and commissioners were appointed to select the site and lay out a town, to be the capital for twenty years. They were considering Carlyle, a place on the river just above Kaskaskia, and a high bluff belonging to Nathaniel Pope, when a noted hunter and trapper named Reeves came into town. Still farther up the river, twenty miles from any settlement, he had a cabin, and spoke in the most glowing terms of the beauty of the country there. "Pope's bluff nor Carlyle wasn't a primin' to his bluff!" and that won over the commissioners, who voted for Reeves's home.¹

Though in the midst of a wilderness, it was a beautiful spot, covered with gigantic trees. The

site selected, the commissioners must have a name, euphonious and historic. The story goes that a wag said the Vandals were once a powerful nation of Indians on the Kaskaskia River. Without troubling themselves about history the officials adopted this suggestion and the new capital was named Vandalia.²

A town was laid out, with a handsome public square and broad streets. Lots were sold at auction, for fabulous prices, as high as seven hundred and eighty dollars. The people proved themselves Vandals indeed, for their first act was to cut down the forest trees! The plans for a fine state house ended in a plain two-story frame building, with a rough stone foundation, set in the center of the square.

In December, 1820, the archives of Illinois were moved from Kaskaskia to Vandalia, making one wagon load. It was indeed a pioneer trip, for part of the way the clerk of the secretary of state had to cut a road through the woods.

Three years later the state house burned in the night, not a piece of furniture being saved. Immediately the citizens of Vandalia started a subscription to rebuild it, and raised three thousand dollars in three days. Using this sum, and state funds in addition, a large brick building was erected, serving as the capitol till 1839 and since then as the county building.

And now, what kind of place was Illinois, what people lived here, in those early days? What were their occupations and their interests?

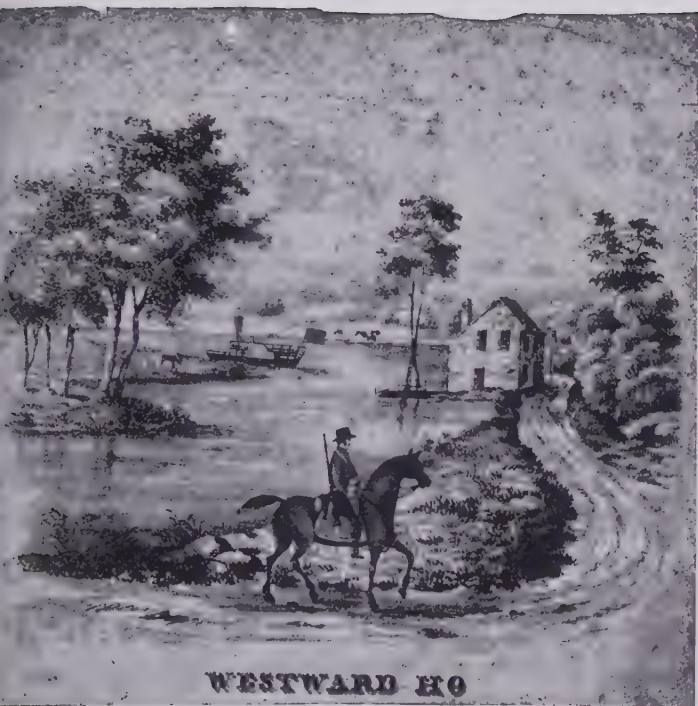
The settlements were all in the south, below Alton, and near the rivers. There were large tracts of wilderness country inhabited only by the wolves and Indians. But there was constant change, the number of people increasing with phenomenal rapidity. See what the census reported each decade—12,000 people, 57,000, 72,000, 157,000, and then 480,000, with an increase in wealth in nearly the same proportion.

Immigration came in waves, flowing in in a great tide, ebbing, and flooding in again. After Wayne's treaty, after the conflict with England, after the election in 1824, after the Black Hawk war, large numbers of people arrived to settle in Illinois. In 1825 the current set toward the center of the state. In Vandalia alone, in three weeks' time, two hundred and fifty wagons were counted, all going northward.³ And one fortnight saw four hundred immigrants passing through the capital, bound for the Sangamo country. Five years more saw people living as far north as Peoria, and by 1840 practically the whole state was settled.

Scarcely a twentieth part of the inhabitants of Illinois were of French descent. Nineteen-twentieths were American, first Clark's sturdy soldiers,

then groups from Kentucky and Virginia, stamping the social customs of the south on all of southern Illinois. The settlers in the north were Yankees—so enterprising, so restless, so industrious that the north soon went ahead in farms and villages, in roads and bridges, in churches and schools. For a while the southern part of the state, being older and better cultivated, “gathered corn as the sand of the sea.” And people in the center and north, after the manner of the children of Israel, went “thither to buy and bring from thence that they might live and not die.” And so the southern part of Illinois was named Egypt, and is so called to this day.⁴

But the fame of the agricultural advantages of Illinois had spread far beyond the Atlantic states. It had attracted the attention of Europeans.⁵ A German colony called “Dutch Hollow” was started in St. Clair County. A Swiss colony was planted near by. And in Edwards County was the flourishing town of Albion, founded by two Englishmen, Flower and Birkbeck. From the British Isles they brought out several hundred families—artisans, laborers and farmers—and this community became one of the most prosperous in the state. Morris Birkbeck had met Edward Coles in London. Two years later they were both in Illinois, where one became governor, the other secretary of state.



Many men of the East, hearing tales of the western country, made extensive journeys through the interior on horseback, by boat, or on foot, in order to see the region for themselves or to pick out future homes for themselves and their families

These settlers from the east brought money with them. This was quite a novelty in Illinois.⁶ Deer and raccoon skins had been the standard of exchange, and answered every need. Three pounds of shaved deer skin was considered a dollar.

The people were farmers and hunters and stockmen. They raised their own provisions and supplied most of their own wants. Every settler was his own carpenter. The houses were mostly log cabins, with no glass, nails, hinges or locks. The furniture was made by hand, as were the carts and wagons, yokes for the oxen, harness for the horses. Though they were often rough and unrefined, these pioneers had sterling qualities; they were brave and energetic and hospitable.

Nearly all of the immigrants had come to this new country to acquire some property. But among them were adventurers and fugitives from justice. For a year or two the state was overrun with bands of horse thieves, so numerous and so well organized that they defied the authority of the law. Indeed, many of the police, the sheriffs and justices of the peace, even some judges, were connected with the thieves. If they were arrested they would be let off by some friends on the jury or through false witnesses. In one county the rogues, by voting all one way, even elected their own sheriff!⁷

Finally the citizens became so enraged that they

organized companies called "regulators." Despairing of enforcing the laws in the customary way, judges, and even the governor, gave them every possible encouragement unofficially. Armed, the regulators would assemble at night, march to a thief's house, arrest him, thrash him soundly and expel him from the state. And gradually Illinois was rid of the scoundrels.

The courts were very simple. The people did not require the judges to be men of great learning, but of good common sense. Court was held in a log house, in a store or an inn, with temporary seats for judge, lawyers and jurors. At the opening of the first circuit court held by Judge Reynolds, who was afterward governor of the state, the sheriff, sitting astride a rude bench, called out, "Boys, come in—our John is going to hold court."

And another judge said to the lawyers, asking for instructions to the jury, "Why, gentlemen, the jury understand the case. No doubt they will do justice between the parties."⁸

Some of the legislators were simple, uneducated men. One of them, John Grammar, was chosen first to the territorial, then to the state legislature, for nearly twenty years. When first elected, being utterly destitute of civilized clothing, he and his sons gathered a large quantity of hickory nuts which they traded for blue strouding. The women of the neigh-



Pioneer Life in the West

Type of early Illinois cabin dweller's home



Preparing a meal over the camp fire

borhood met to make up the garments he needed, but found that he had picked too few nuts. In every possible way they tried the pattern. The cloth was too scant! So they made a bob-tailed coat and a long pair of leggings, and arrayed in these he appeared at Kaskaskia, and patiently waited for the passing of a bill for the members' salaries. Then he set out to buy a pair of fashionable "unmentionables."

Here is the speech of an early candidate:

"Fellow citizens, I offer myself as a candidate before you for the office of governor. I do not pretend to be a man of extraordinary talents; nor do I claim to be equal to Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, nor yet to as great a man as my opponent, Governor Edwards. Nevertheless, I think I can govern you pretty well. I do not think it will require a very extraordinary smart man to govern you; for to tell you the truth, fellow citizens, I do not believe you will be very hard to govern, no how."⁹

But Ninian Edwards, who had been governor of Illinois Territory, arrayed in his broadcloth coat, ruffled shirt and high-topped boots, made his canvass over the state, traveling in his carriage or on horseback attended by his colored servant. His friends feared people would be driven away by his aristocratic appearance. But this attracted them, and they

thought it an honor to support "such a high-toned, elegant old gentleman." So Edwards was elected, for in that early day personal considerations counted as all-important with the voters.

The legislature re-enacted the territorial laws, with all the old punishments. But until 1827 they were changed at every session, and men said it was "a good thing that the Holy Scriptures did not have to come before the legislature, for that body would be certain to alter or amend them, so that no one could tell what was or was not the word of God, any more than could be told what was or was not the law of the state."¹⁰

The very word tax was odious to the people; and when a bill was passed levying a tax on property, to support the schools and repair the roads, it was promptly repealed. For men said they'd rather work on the roads themselves and let their children grow up in ignorance!

Indeed, the people were parsimonious with state funds. In 1824 provision was made for five circuit judges, to receive six hundred dollars a year, while the supreme court judges were to have eight hundred. This was considered a most extravagant outlay of public moneys, practically pensioning the supreme court judges. And such a clamor was raised that the next legislature repealed the act and

ordered the supreme court judges to hold both courts.

Would you like to read more about these early days? George Flower, when an old man, wrote the story of the English colony in Edwards County. It is full of picturesque descriptions of scenes and events, of the struggles and labors of the early settlers. You will especially enjoy his account of their journey on horseback from Pittsburgh to Vincennes and the ever-receding prairies; of how Albion was located; of their blooded English cattle and sheep; of the pioneer churches and the camp meeting; and the beauty of the prairies in different seasons.

In other books you may read of interesting types among the early settlers: the Yankees, cordially disliked in the southern part of the state; the Irish school-teacher; the singing master; the circuit-riding lawyers; and the pioneer missionaries, like John Mason Peck and the eccentric Peter Cartright.

XII

SLAVE OR FREE?

YOU remember that the ordinance of 1787 expressly states that there should be no slavery in the Northwest Territory? But the question came up constantly. Settlers from the southern states, coming into Illinois, were allowed to bring their slaves with them. The constitution prohibited the further introduction of slaves, but "indentured servants" could be held for the whole term of their contracts—and this was generally ninety-nine years!¹

And in 1819 the legislature passed the famous "black laws," which were not repealed until 1865. No negro could settle in the state unless he had a certificate of freedom with the court's seal; and this he must register in the county where he proposed to live. This was to discourage free blacks from coming to Illinois. Every negro without this certificate was considered a runaway slave. To harbor a fugitive slave, or hinder his owner from retaking him, was punished by a heavy fine and thirty stripes!

But the most odious feature of this law was that

no adequate provision was made for punishing kidnappers. Capturing free blacks, running them south, and there selling them into slavery was for years a common crime; and southern Illinois afforded a safe retreat for the kidnappers, who made this a regular business, profitable and almost respectable. Thus the free state of Illinois was given a complete slave code,² as severe as in any southern state, where the number of negroes equaled or was greater than the number of whites—while in Illinois the slaves made up a very small percentage of the population.

The question of slavery was uppermost then all over the country, because of the frenzied agitation when Missouri was admitted to the Union. The Missouri compromise line, which, it was hoped, would settle the question forever, was in fact suggested by an Illinois senator. The new state on the west was well advertised by this nation-wide discussion, and many people from the southern states emigrated there, often from the wealthiest and best-educated classes. For some time there had been comparatively few new settlers in Illinois, and few sales of land.

“Many of our people who had farms to sell looked upon the good fortune of Missouri with envy; whilst the lordly immigrant, as he passed along with his money and droves of negroes, took a malicious

pleasure in increasing it, by pretending to regret the short-sighted policy of Illinois, which excluded him from settling with his slaves among us, and from purchasing the lands of our people.”³

Even uneducated immigrants argued in the same way. One of them, asked why he did not stop in Illinois, replied, “Well, sir, your sile is mighty far-til, but a man can’t own niggers here; gol durn ye.”⁴

Governor Coles, who had freed his negroes on the journey from Virginia to Illinois, urged the legislature to revise the “black laws,” to emancipate the old French slaves, and to punish kidnapping adequately. These paragraphs in his message were enough to fan into a blaze the embers that had been smoldering. The slave owners determined to legalize slavery in Illinois.

Now this meant a complicated procedure—it was necessary to amend the constitution in a convention called for that purpose. The people must vote whether the convention should be called or not, and a two-thirds majority in both houses of the legislature was necessary to submit the question to the people.

Now the legislature was strongly pro-slavery, and the resolution was sure of a two-thirds vote in the senate. But only a trick passed it in the house of representatives. In one of the northern counties there had been a contested election, and the house

decided the matter, seating one of the two claimants. But some nine weeks later the slavery party found that they needed one more vote to make a two-thirds majority for the convention. Desperate, they determined to have this contested election reconsidered and seat the other man. In gratitude to their party for putting him into the legislature he would, of course, vote their way.

This scheme they actually carried out, unseating a representative who had served more than two months of his term, and sending a special messenger over a hundred miles to notify his opponent, created a member of the house for this one purpose. With relays of horses, the new representative made the trip in four days, arriving in time to vote for the convention resolution, which was thus carried.⁵ Against this outrage there was a storm of protest, for the manner in which it was done, for the object for which it was done. It proved to be a strong argument to plague its inventors. When the election took place it recoiled on their own heads like a boomerang.

The passing of the convention resolution the slavery party considered equal to a victory at the polls. Public dinners were held, with toasts welcoming slavery to Illinois. They celebrated with a torchlight procession in Vandalia. The mob, wild and indecorous, marched to the residence of Gov-

ernor Coles, with all the horrid paraphernalia of the old-time charivari, thus described by Ford:

“The night after the resolution passed, the convention party assembled to triumph in a great carousal. They formed themselves into a noisy, disorderly and tumultuous procession, headed by”—and he calls the leaders by name—“followed by the majority of the legislature, and the hangers-on and rabble about the seat of government; and they marched with the blowing of tin horns and the beating of drums and tin pans, to the residence of Governor Coles, and to the boarding-houses of their principal opponents, toward whom they manifested their contempt and displeasure by a confused medley of groans, wailings and lamentations. Their object was to intimidate and crush all opposition at once.”⁶

The anti-convention party, defeated in the legislature, was determined to win before the people. Fortunately, voices could not be stifled, as in the house of representatives, where all debate was shut off. And the election was eighteen months away, giving the “friends of freedom” time to make a thorough canvass throughout the state, and save Illinois from this shame and disaster.

Never was there such a campaign! Newspapers were established for one side or the other. Fiery handbills and pamphlets were printed and circulated broadcast in every county. The governor

worked whole-heartedly against the convention with all his official and personal influence, giving his entire salary to the cause. The pioneer preacher, Peck, organized anti-slavery societies along with his Sunday-schools, distributing Bibles and tracts crusading against slavery. Ministers and teachers helped. Stump speakers held forth. The rank and file of the people did scarcely anything but read handbills and papers, and wrangle and argue constantly, while industry was almost at a standstill.⁷

The convention party had on its side many of the ablest men in the state. But a great cause will produce earnest and effective leaders. The anti-slavery men were better organized and made up for their lack of wealth and influence and talents in energy and zeal. They made direct attacks on the merits of slavery, while their opponents avoided the issue, saying that the constitution needed changes in several particulars; and if slavery was established it would doubtless be for a limited number of years. The people and the state were financially embarrassed, and they painted golden pictures of the prosperity which would come with slave labor.⁸

These arguments—religious, benevolent, political, expedient—were answered by Peck and Coles and Birkbeck, the founder of the Edwards County colony. He was the financier of the “friends of freedom,” and wrote constantly against slavery. Some-

times he would issue a scholarly paper, with telling arguments and statistics showing the actual results of slavery in other states and countries, how it checked immigration and impeded manufacturing and hurt agriculture. Again, under the nom de plume of Jonathan Freeman, he would write to the newspapers a letter so simple and full of such homely illustrations that the most ignorant voter could not fail to understand his points. Here is a part of one:

“To the Editor of the *Illinois Gazette*:

“SIR—I am a poor man; that is to say I have no money. But I have a house to cover me and the rest of us, a stable for my horses, and a little barn, on a quarter of good land paid up at the land office, with a middling fine clearing upon it and a good fence. I have about thirty head of cattle, and a good chance of hogs; and by the labors of my boys, we make a shift to get along. We help our neighbors, who are generally as poor as ourselves—some that are newcomers are not so well fixed. They help us in turn; and as it is the fashion to be industrious, I discover that we are all by degrees growing wealthy, not in money to be sure, but in truck.

“There is a great stir among the land-jobbers and politicians to get slaves into the country; because, as they say, we are in great distress; and I have been thinking how it would act with me and my neigh-

bors . . . four citizens out of five in the state. I have already seen people from Kentucky, and some of the neighbors have been traveling in that country. They all agree in one story, that the Kentuckians are as bad off for money as we, some say worse. People that have been to New Orleans say it is the same all down the river; no money. . . . I don't see how those slave-gentry are to make it plenty, unless sending more produce to New Orleans would raise the price; as to our neighbors, give me plain farmers, working with their own hands, or the hands of free workmen. Not great planters and their negroes; for negroes are middling light-fingered, and I suspect we should have to lock up our cabins when we left home, and if we were to leave our linen out all night, we might chance to miss it in the morning. The planters are great men, and will ride about mighty grand, with umbrellas over their heads, when I and my boys are working perhaps bareheaded in the hot sun. Neighbors indeed! They would have it all their own way, and rule over us like little kings; we should have to patrol round the country to keep their negroes under, instead of minding our own business; but if we lacked to raise a building, or a dollar, never a bit would they help *us*.

"This is what I have been thinking, and so I suspect we all think, but they who want to sell out; and they that want to sell, will find themselves mistaken if they expect the Kentuckians to buy their improvements, when they can get Congress-land at a dollar and a quarter an acre. It is men who come

from Free states, with money in their pockets, and no workhands about them, that buy improvements.

“Yours, JONATHAN FREEMAN.”⁹

Election day, the first Monday in August, 1824, finally came. The aged, the crippled, the chronic invalids, everybody that could be carried to the polls, was brought in to cast his vote, for or against the convention. The ballots more than doubled the number at the presidential election a few months later. The result was a majority of some sixteen hundred against the convention. This was the most important, the most excited and angry election in the early history of the state. But it was regarded as final. Once for all the question of slavery was settled for Illinois.

If you are interested in this chapter and want to know more about the slavery campaign in Illinois, read Washburne's *Sketch of Edward Coles*. Flower's story of the English settlement in Edwards County gives a fine account of Birkbeck's share in carrying the election for the “friends of freedom.”

XIII

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST

A PLEASANT episode occurred in 1825 to vary the monotony of western life. Lafayette, the brilliant young Frenchman who fought under Washington in the Revolution, paid a second visit to America, as the guest of the nation.

As soon as he reached New York the legislature sent him an address of welcome, and earnestly invited him to visit Illinois. With their letter was sent an affectionate note from Governor Coles, who had known Lafayette in Paris; and the Frenchman replied from Washington:

“It has ever been my eager desire, and it is now my earnest intention, to visit the western States and particularly the State of Illinois. The feelings which your distant welcome could not fail to excite have increased that patriotic eagerness. . . . I shall, after the celebration of the 22d of February anniversary day, leave this place for a journey to the southern, and from New Orleans to the western states, so as to return to Boston on the 14th of June, when the cornerstone of Bunker’s Hill monument

is to be laid, a ceremony sacred to the whole Union, and in which I have been engaged to act a peculiar and honorable part."¹

The whole journey was a series of receptions and ovations, of which his secretary kept a charming record, writing "that he gives the details of a triumph which honors as well the nation which bestowed it as the man who received it." But as Lafayette's trip progressed he found it impossible to visit all the places that were inviting him and return to Boston in June. So in April he writes to Governor Coles, from New Orleans:

"I don't doubt that by rapid movements, can gratify my ardent desire to see every one of the Western States, and yet to fulfill a sacred duty as the representative of the Revolutionary Army, on the half secular jubilee of Bunker Hill. But to do it, my dear sir, I must avail myself of the kind, indulgent proposal made by several friends to meet me on some point near the river, in the State of Illinois. . . . I will say, could Kaskaskia or Shawneetown suit you to pass one day with me? I expect to leave St. Louis on the 29th of April. . . . Excuse the hurry of my writing, as the post is going, and receive in this private letter, for indeed to the Governor, I would not know how to apologize for so polite proposals, receive, I say, my high and affectionate regard. LAFAYETTE."²

Accordingly Illinois received the great French general, not at Vandalia, the capital, but at Kaskaskia. Writes the secretary:

"It was decided that we should stop at Kaskaskia, a large village of that state, and although nearly eighty miles distant, we arrived there a little while before noon, so fortunate and rapid was our navigation. Since the application of steam to navigation, the changes produced in the relations of the towns on the Mississippi is prodigious. Formerly the voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis required three or four months of the most painful toil that can be imagined; the action of the oar was not always sufficient to overcome the resistance of the current. They were often obliged to warp the boat by hand, advancing from time to time with a small boat to tie a rope to a tree or stone on the shore. . . . At present the same passage, which is nearly fifteen hundred miles, is made in ten days, without fatigue."³

The Illinois legislature had appropriated \$6,475 for the entertainment of the guests, almost a third of the state's income for the year. About noon, April thirtieth, the boat, gaily decorated for the occasion, arrived at the wharf in Kaskaskia. Governor Coles had sent his aid-de-camp, Colonel William Stephen Hamilton, "the son of your old and particular friend, Alexander Hamilton," to meet Lafayette en route, and himself joined the party in St. Louis.

Evidently there was no way to notify the village of their coming, so that the success of this impromptu reception is the more remarkable.

“General Lafayette was not expected at Kaskaskia, and nothing had been prepared for this unforeseen visit. While we were landing some one ran to the village, which stands a quarter of a mile from the shore, and quickly returned with a carriage for the general, who, an instant after, was surrounded by many citizens, who ran before to receive him. In the escort which formed itself to accompany him we saw neither military apparel nor the splendid triumphs we had perceived in the rich cities; but accents of joy and republican gratitude which broke upon his ear, was grateful to his heart. . . . We followed the general on foot, and arrived almost at the same time at the house of General Edgar, a venerable soldier of the Revolution, who received him with affectionate warmth, and ordered all the doors to be kept open, that his fellow citizens might enjoy, as well as himself, the pleasure of shaking hands with the adopted son of America.”

A great multitude of patriotic people assembled. From the steps of the Edgar house the governor gave an address of welcome, to which Lafayette replied in very good English, expressing their gratification for the honor done them. Men who were there differ widely in their descriptions of the hero;

one says he was "tall and slender, with a florid complexion," another "inclining to corpulency."

"Age had bent his form a little," narrates a pioneer, "but he was still gay and cheerful. It seemed that his lameness added to his noble bearing, as it told to the heart the story of the Revolution."⁴ And another comments: "He limped slightly, the result of a wound he received on achieving our liberties, which added much interest to his character." But he was still the courtly, affable French nobleman, enthusiastic for liberty, who had won Washington's heart half a century before.

"During an instance of profound silence," writes the secretary, "I cast a glance at the assembly, in the midst of which I found myself, and was struck with astonishment in remarking their variety and fantastic appearance. Beside men whose dignity of countenance, the patriotic exaltation of expression, readily indicated them to be Americans, were others whose coarse dresses, vivacity, petulance of movement, and the expansive joy of their visages, strongly recalled to me the peasantry of my own country; behind these, near to the door, and on the piazza which surrounded the house, stood some immovable, impassable, large, red, half-naked figures, leaning on a bow or a long rifle; these were the Indians of the neighborhood."

While the general was resting, before the banquet, his son George Washington Lafayette and the

secretary visited the encampment of the Indians, come to Kaskaskia for the yearly sale of their furs. The record gives many more pages to their interest in the red men than to the Illinois entertainment.

But we do know that there was a public reception, where some soldiers who had fought under him at Brandywine and Yorktown advanced from the crowd to shake hands with their old general. Then came a dinner at the tavern, the big, square banquet room decorated with laurel, while the guest table had a rainbow canopy of roses and other flowers.

Lafayette proposed this toast to Kaskaskia and Illinois: "May their joint prosperity more and more evince the blessings of congenial industry and freedom."

Governor Coles followed with one to the inmates of La Grange (Lafayette's home in France): "Let them not be anxious; for although their father is a thousand miles in the interior of America, he is yet in the midst of his affectionate children."

When Ex-governor Bond proposed "To General Lafayette: may he live to see that liberty established in his native country which he helped to establish in his adopted country," the general rose and observed that he would drink the latter part of the toast standing.⁵

Following this was a ball, where Lafayette led the grand march with a granddaughter of Pierre Men-

ard, and the weary visitors left at midnight on their steamer. This ball was a great occasion; women who were honored with an invitation preserved as souvenirs their white gloves, the slippers in which they danced, and their fans with the hero's picture.

During the ball an uninvited guest arrived—an Indian squaw whose father, Louis DuQuoin, a chief of the Six Nations, had fought under Lafayette during the Revolution. Hearing that the great White Chief was to be in Kaskaskia, she came to see the man with whose name she had been familiar since childhood. To identify herself, she brought an old worn letter that Lafayette had written to her father, who had preserved it with the greatest care and had bequeathed it to her as a most precious legacy.⁶

The weekly newspaper published in Vandalia, in its last issue for May, 1825, reports another entertainment given for Lafayette in Illinois. Going up the Ohio River, en route for Pittsburgh, the party stopped at Shawneetown.

"A salute of twenty-four rounds was fired as the Steam-Boat approached the landing," reads the account in the faded, yellow paper. "The citizens of Shawneetown and the neighboring country were then formed in two lines extending from Mr. Rawlings' Hotel to the water's edge. The Committee of Arrangement and the Trustees of the Town passed

down the line of citizens and received the NATION'S GUEST at the Steam-Boat. . . . As he passed up the line, the citizens uncovered themselves, and observed the most perfect silence," while little girls showered flowers upon him.

There was an address of welcome, the orator of the day comparing their reception with the elaborate ceremony of other places.

"'You find our state in its infancy, our country thinly populated, our people destitute of the luxuries and elegancies of life. In your reception we depart not from the domestic simplicity of a sequestered people. We erect no triumphal arches, we offer no exotic delicacies. We receive you to our humble dwellings, and our homely fare. . . . We take you to our arms and our hearts.'

"The reply of Lafayette was short and unpremeditated, and was delivered in a voice which seemed tremulous rather with emotion than with age."

After the reception, a collation and many toasts,

"General Lafayette was conducted to the Steam-Boat by the Committee, through lines formed by the citizens as before. . . . Another salute was fired at their departure. Throughout the whole of this interesting scene the citizens evinced by their respectful and kind deportment the warmest attachment for the person and the most exalted veneration for

the character of this truly great man. The General, although apparently too frail to support the fatigue of such an interview, received the congratulations of the people with ease and cheerfulness, and seemed to be deeply touched by this humble though sincere display of national gratitude."

The book written by Levasseur, Lafayette's secretary, is very rare; but the tenth and twelfth volumes of the Illinois Historical Society have the story of this visit, told in detail. Davidson and Stuvé's history gives it an interesting chapter.

XIV

THE CRAZE FOR IMPROVEMENTS

WHEN immigration set in toward Illinois the settlers from the eastern states brought money with them. And the presence of money made a radical change in the condition of the people. It created new desires, the principal one being a mad wish to speculate in land. The national government charged two dollars an acre, one-fourth to be paid in cash, the balance in five years. At that price everybody was eager to buy, thinking he could sell to the settlers who were sure to arrive and thus make a handsome profit. This they called "developing the infant resources of a new country."¹

Paper money was abundant. Every man's credit was good. Property rose rapidly in value. A spirit of speculation was rife. Towns were laid out, on paper. Lots bought, on time. Houses built, on promises. Everybody invested to the limit of his credit, expecting to make a fortune before his notes fell due. Everybody was in debt, inextricably, to everybody else.

A day of reckoning was coming, before their dreams could come true. Paper towns failed to flourish. There was no commerce to bring money into the country. Contracts, wildly entered into, matured. When the notes to the federal government came due, people could not pay them.

To put an end to these evils, in 1821 the legislature created a state bank, whose only support was the credit of Illinois; its sole capital, plates for making paper money. And paper money the state bank proceeded to make, issuing large quantities of notes payable in ten years. The bank was enormously popular at first, for it loaned to any citizen a hundred dollars on personal property, and a thousand on real estate. People imagined because the state had issued these notes they would be worth par. They could be used for taxes, and if any creditor refused to accept them he must wait three years to collect his debt.²

Thinking that laws could give paper money a specified value, the legislature even passed a resolution that these notes could be used in payment for land at the federal office. When the question came up in the senate, the lieutenant-governor, the Frenchman Menard, said:

“Gentlemen of de senate, it is moved and seconded dat de notes of dis bank be made land office money. All in favor of dat motion say aye; all

against it, say no. It is decided in de affirmative. And now, gentlemen, I bet you \$100 he never be made land office money."

And he never was! For the national government accepted only cash.

People had the impression that paper money could be made to supply every financial want. Soon notes for three hundred thousand dollars were in circulation. But the remedy was worse than the disease, the new bills only made matters worse. Notes had to be cut in halves and quarters to serve as change, for there was no specie at all. Scarcely had the bank begun business when its bills fell below par—first down to eighty, then down, down, down, till it took three dollars to buy one dollar's worth of goods. Instead of increasing its income, the state had to spend three times as much for current expenses.

In 1831 the notes came due, and to save the honor of Illinois a large loan was taken, and with this money the notes were redeemed. This banking folly cost the state half a million dollars, but her financial standing was preserved.³

Without profiting by this expensive lesson, the legislature of 1835 chartered a new state bank, in which the state held stock. The mania for land speculation, asleep for a time, broke out with renewed strength. It commenced at Chicago, and in

two years that place grew from a village of a few houses to a city of several thousand people. Quick fortunes were made, their stories arousing first amazement, then a gambling spirit of adventure, then an absorbing desire for sudden wealth. Throughout the state this example spread. Maps of paper towns were sent to Chicago and lots for a hundred miles around were auctioned off. Maps were even sent to New York and Boston, a ship freighted with land costing less than a barrel of flour. Indeed there was said to be a danger of crowding the state with towns and leaving no room for farming!

As there were more lots than could be sold, men said that if the country could be rapidly settled, they would all find a market; and to attract settlers, the one thing needed was a system of internal improvements. Illinois is a great state, ran their argument; rich soil, fine climate, great extent of territory. All she needs is people and enterprise. Improvements would invite both.

And this was not confined to Illinois. The whole country was possessed by a mania for improved transportation. New York had built the Erie Canal; Pennsylvania miles of railroads; Kentucky macadamized roads; Indiana and Illinois, because of their level surfaces, went in for railroads. People and legislators alike lost their heads, and surrendered

their sober judgment to arguments of the wildest imaginations. No scheme was so extravagant that it lacked plausibility. The most impossible calculations were made of the advantages that would follow the construction of these improvements; the state had resources enough, men said, to meet all expenditures. All debts could be met without taxation. Once made, they would pay for themselves; nay, more, in time they would provide the running expenses of the state!⁴

The legislature voted eight million dollars, to be used for railroads in various parts of Illinois, running from east to west, north to south, criss-cross back and forth, a total of thirteen hundred miles. Five rivers were to have their channels deepened. And finally the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was voted to those counties in which no railroads were to be built or no rivers improved. As a crowning act of folly, it was enacted that work should commence on all the roads, at each end, and from the crossings of all the rivers, simultaneously!

This wholesale system of improvements had to be adopted in order to get any one voted through. The friends of the canal had to agree to the others, to succeed with their measure. Politicians anxious to move the capital to Springfield would support any other scheme in exchange for votes. And in this way each section of the state was won over.

Like Napoleon giving away thrones, the people voted millions. But only one of these improvements was ever completed—a little railroad fifty-one miles long, of no advantage to the state, and its income was not enough to keep it in repair.⁵

The next legislature not only refused the governor's suggestion to repeal or modify the system, but actually voted an additional eight hundred thousand dollars. And for three years the infatuated people of Illinois continued this ruinous policy, until the whole scheme tumbled about their ears. In the spring of 1837 banks throughout the United States stopped specie payments, including banks in Illinois. It was a period of national hard times. The loans made by the state could not be obtained at par. Bonds were sold on credit. A London firm, agents for the bonds, failed and the state lost heavily. Finally the people, recovering their sanity, were astonished at their own folly.

Their internal improvement system was discontinued. But in 1841 Illinois could not meet the interest charges on her debt. The next year the state bank failed and completed the general distress. There was a debt of nearly fourteen millions. The treasury was empty, there was not enough money to pay postage on the state's letters. Heavy taxes would only drive the people away. Illinois had borrowed beyond her means and had no credit. The

people owed the merchants, who in turn owed foreign merchants or the banks, the banks owed everybody, and nobody could pay!

The state must repudiate her debt, said some. She never can nor will pay. Every one ought to see that and stop discussing it; that won't charm it away. But under the management of Governor Ford, a man of great skill and integrity, Illinois sold some of her lands, received back her bonds held by the state banks, and withdrew from circulation the worthless "bank rags" and "wildcat money."⁶ The affairs of the bank were wound up in an honorable manner. A special tax was levied for interest charges. And in three months' time the credit of the state was so good that it was possible to sell a new issue of canal bonds. But the people, like France with John Law's scheme, paid dearly for their lesson in high finance. Forty years later they redeemed the last of these bonds!

To make impossible a repetition of these financial troubles, the revised constitution of 1848 greatly curtailed the power of the legislature.⁷ It could pledge the credit of Illinois to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, for state expenses only. It could not create a state bank. The strictest economy was insisted on in the matter of salaries, the sum for each being fixed at a stated amount "and no more." Even the length of the legislature's session was

fixed, but these provisions proved a false economy and as time went on they were notoriously evaded. The governor's salary, for example, was one thousand five hundred dollars, so an additional four thousand five hundred dollars was voted him "for fuel and lights for the executive mansion." Only the letter of the law was kept, and these abuses sapped the integrity of the public service and lessened respect for the laws. In 1870 the constitution was again revised, "by the finest deliberative body that ever sat in a state," and this penurious system changed.

To two of her early governors Illinois owes a great debt: to Edward Coles, who kept her free from the blight of slavery; and to Thomas Ford, who brought her out of her distress and maintained her financial integrity without repudiation. Each of them so fully and so decisively met the situation that pro-slavery men and repudiators never raised the question again.

XV

THE BLACK HAWK WAR

IN 1804 William Henry Harrison made a treaty with the Sacs and Fox Indians, giving the Americans a tract of land near Rock River. The red men were to have the use of it until it was sold to individuals. This was confirmed by later treaties in 1815, '19, '22 and '25. But one of the Sac chiefs, Black Hawk, said, like Tecumseh, that the treaty had been made without the consent of all the tribe, and was not binding.¹

The whites, he insisted, "squatted" on the Indians' lands and tried to steal their village. When they returned from the winter's hunt, they found the Americans had practically taken possession of their fields, had burned many of their lodges, and even plowed up their graveyards. The land is ours, said Black Hawk, establishing himself on the territory in dispute with a party of warriors; and if any one must withdraw, it must be the interloping whites.

The forty settlers accordingly appealed to Gov-

ernor Reynolds, who called out seven hundred of the militia and asked the cooperation of the regular army as well. Double the number of volunteers reported for duty; some thirsting to avenge their losses from Indian raids, some eager for excitement and adventure, some anticipating plunder, others with whom money was scarce, delighted with the promise of a large expenditure of gold by the government. Twenty-five hundred soldiers appeared at Saukenuk, the principal Indian village. But Black Hawk, who had only three hundred men, slipped away in the night and crossed the Mississippi. The Americans burned the deserted town and announced that the fugitives would be pursued. This had the desired effect of bringing Black Hawk to the general's headquarters, where he signed an agreement to stay on the west side of the Mississippi.

The Indians were promised corn, to make up for the abandoned fields. Many of the soldiers ridiculed this, calling it a corn treaty, and said, "We give them food when it should have been lead."² The winter's supply was not sufficient, however, and a new series of troubles began immediately. Black Hawk briefly described it, years later: "In this state of things, the Indians went over the river to steal corn from their own land." In April, 1832, the tribe crossed the Mississippi, and the war was on again.

Governor Reynolds called out the troops—militia, rangers and some companies of the regular army under Zachary Taylor. In the volunteer regiments E. D. Baker was a lieutenant, and Abraham Lincoln a captain, re-enlisting as a “private horseman.” This was the frontier method of selecting a captain, as described by Lincoln: each candidate made a speech to the men, telling how gallant he was, in what wars he had fought, bled and died, and how he was ready to lead them to glory. And when the speech-making was over, the soldiers formed in line behind their favorite. The fellow who had the longest tail to his kite was elected captain. It was a good way, no chance for a stuffed ballot box or a false count!³

“I can not tell you,” said Lincoln, nearly twenty years later, “how much the idea of being the captain of that company pleased me!” And while he was president he referred to it again as “a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since.”⁴

One day when Lincoln was drilling his men they were marching across a field, twenty abreast, and the captain saw a fence ahead. “I could not for the life of me remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that I could get them through the gate, so as we came near I shouted ‘Halt! This company is dismissed for two



Stephen A Douglas

minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the fence. Break ranks!' ”

Among the regular soldiers were two young lieutenants, Jefferson Davis and Robert Anderson, the latter detailed as inspector-general of the Illinois militia. Nearly thirty years later Lincoln met Anderson in Washington. After the president had thanked him for his gallant conduct at Fort Sumter, he asked:

“ ‘Major, do you remember of ever meeting me before?’ ”

“ ‘No, Mr. President, I have no recollection of ever having had the pleasure before.’ ”

“ ‘My memory is better than yours,’ said Lincoln; ‘you mustered me into the service of the United States, in 1832, at Dixon’s Ferry, in the Black Hawk war.’ ”⁵

Besides these troops for service against the Indians, there were two hundred and seventy-five rangers under Stillman, an independent force who refused to fight under the main body, but begged for some dangerous service. They were ordered up Rock River to spy out the enemy. Encamping at sundown, they saw five Indians on a mound at a distance. Without orders or a commander, some men whose horses were not yet unsaddled gave chase. The others followed in confusion, stringing along for a quarter of a mile, pursuing the red men

into the edge of the forest. Here Black Hawk with a party of forty warriors rushed on the rangers, with a war whoop and a volley.

In consternation, without returning the fire, the Americans began a disorderly flight. Reaching their camp, the panic spread to the men who had remained there. All of them, some without saddles, some without bridles, joined in the flight. They left their tents, camp equipment, provisions, ammunition. Neither swamps nor swollen streams could check them, till they reached Dixon's Ferry, thirty miles away; and some of them continued their mad gallop forty miles farther to their homes. The first fugitives arrived about midnight; from then till morning they continued to come, by threes and fours or singly, each reporting that the Indians were just behind. Black Hawk, at the head of two thousand braves, they said, was advancing on the unprotected settlers. People took refuge in the forts. His name became a dread in every household. Consternation filled the whole country, after the battle (?) of Stillman's Run.⁶

The governor issued a fiery proclamation, calling for three thousand more militia, "to subdue the Indians and drive them out of the state." More federal troops were asked for, and General Winfield Scott came from the Atlantic coast to take command. The savages boldly committed depredations

everywhere, attacking small settlements, cutting off communication between towns, murdering scattered groups of soldiers or citizens.

For three months the troops were pursuing the Indians, who took refuge in the unexplored swamps of the north. They were delayed by the jealousies of regular and militia officers, by the expiration of the volunteers' time, by their ignorance of the country, and their lack of confidence in their Indian guides. By the middle of July, however, they were on the trail of Black Hawk and his braves. They left their baggage, marched fifty miles one day in a storm, and crossed the river, hot in pursuit. The ground was strewn with kettles and blankets, thrown away for the sake of speed. And on the twenty-first they came up with the rear guard of twenty Indians, who made a bold stand and gave the main band time to retreat. The next morning the Americans found the enemy had escaped during the night.

Over wooded hills, marshy ravines, swollen streams went the fugitives, the followers slowly gaining as they neared the Mississippi. When the Americans appeared the Indians raised a hideous yell. "Stillman is not here!" was the answering cry, and the disgrace of the flight was wiped out by a splendid charge. In the battle of the Bad Axe the whites showed no mercy. They charged with the bayonet. The sharpshooters picked off war-

riors, women and children, all alike, in the tall grass. The transport fired on those who tried to cross the river. Over three hundred Indians perished in three hours.⁷

Black Hawk and his two sons escaped, only to be captured by some Winnebagoes, who, wanting the friendship of the Americans, surrendered them to the United States Indian agent. The former chief made this speech:

“My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. . . . This was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. He is now a prisoner to the white man. But he can stand the torture. He is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian; he has done nothing of which an Indian need to be ashamed. He has fought the battles of his country against the white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war—it is known to all white men—they ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal. Black Hawk is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty—his Father will meet him and reward him. . . . Farewell to my nation! Farewell to Black Hawk!”

The volunteers were disbanded, and a treaty made with the Indians in September, for which the chief and his sons were held as hostages. Under charge of Lieutenant Jefferson Davis they were taken to St. Louis; and later were transferred to Washington. Black Hawk had an interview with President Jackson, greeting him with "I am a man, and you are another." At the close of his speech he said:

"We did not expect to conquer the whites—they had too many houses, too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking my people would have said, 'Black Hawk is a woman—he is too old to be a chief—he is no Sac.' These reflections caused me to raise the war-whoop. I say no more of it. . . . Black Hawk expects that, like Keokuk, we shall be permitted to return."⁸

Jackson replied that when peace was secured they might return. And when they had been at Fortress Monroe for three months his order released them. They went to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and other cities, that the Indians might see the greatness of the country. Crowds collected everywhere to see Black Hawk. The Indians even divided public curiosity and attention with Jackson, who was then making a tour of the northern states. The ladies especially sought his acquaintance, and in re-

turn for their polite sympathy, Black Hawk said they were "very pretty squaws."

The broken-hearted warrior died five years later on an Iowa reservation. In comparison with Philip, or Pontiac, or Tecumseh, he was not an extraordinary Indian, not a great leader, not great in planning a course of action. He was restless and ambitious, brave and resentful.

The importance of this war, the last stand of the red men against the white settlers in Illinois, has been greatly exaggerated. It cost the Americans over two hundred lives, three months' time, and two million dollars. Yet it was fought against four hundred Indians, with perhaps a thousand women and children. Fortunately for her finances, almost the total expense was borne by the national government, for the state would have had great difficulty in meeting this bill. But it is Illinois's one and only war, distinctly native.

Black Hawk is a unique character. What can you find about his connection with the War of 1812? In Thwaites's *How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest* there is an account of the Black Hawk war. Ford's history tells about it. Perhaps you can secure a copy of Drake's *Life of Black Hawk*. And Frank Stevens's *The Black Hawk War* will give you a detailed account of these battles (?) and

of the old Indian chief. Do not fail to read Black Hawk's *Autobiography*, transcribed by an Indian trader. It will give you the inside view of an Indian.

XVI

A PERMANENT CAPITAL

VANDALIA had become the capital of Illinois in 1820, with the understanding that this was only temporary. Long before the twenty years were over the question of a new capital was being discussed. The movement of population was wholly toward the center of Illinois. This was before the era of railroads, and travel to and from the capital made distance an object to be seriously considered.

The legislature of 1833 submitted the question to the people, and the election the following year gave Alton the highest number of votes, with Springfield standing third. But no appropriation was made to second this choice, and the matter came to nothing.

Now when the question came up again in the legislature, bills for the Illinois-Michigan Canal and for internal improvements were being considered. Sangamon had become, in fifteen years, the most populous county in the state. She had two senators and seven representatives, called the "Long Nine,"

because they averaged six feet in height. Their one object was to obtain the capital for Springfield. Dexterous in the handling of men, and led by Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most skilful of all the politic statesmen of his day, they voted as a unit from the very beginning of the session. For every local measure introduced they had nine votes, for or against, but always bargaining for votes for Springfield. They gave "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Like a snowball, the "Long Nine" gathered accessions of strength with every roll call; and when the location of the capital was finally decided, though twenty-nine places were voted for, Springfield won on the fourth ballot.¹ The legislature appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a state house, on condition that the citizens of Springfield give a like sum and two acres of ground.

The Sangamo country, meaning in the Indian tongue "the country where there is plenty to eat," in Biblical phrase "the land flowing with milk and honey," was first known to Americans through the reports of the rangers. In the autumn of 1819 a weary immigrant family who had traveled from North Carolina encamped on the bank of Spring Creek. Lighting their campfire, they gathered about the frugal supper, on the site of their new home in the wilderness. The next morning the ring of the

ax resounded in the forest. And in a few days John Kelly's family had a rough log cabin, where now Jefferson and First Streets cross in the capital city.²

This was the nucleus of a town, named Springfield in honor of Spring Creek and Kelly's field. Settlers came in large numbers, for the "St. Gamo Kedentry," as Sangamon County was called in the vernacular, soon became famous. A town was laid off and plotted, called Calhoun, but to this people objected, and the name Springfield was revived.

When the capital was moved here the town had about eleven hundred inhabitants. The houses were mostly frame and poorly constructed. Springfield could boast but little wealth, and many of the citizens were greatly embarrassed through their efforts to raise the fifty thousand dollars required for the new state house. The streets were unpaved; there were no sidewalks in many places; in spring and autumn the mud was unfathomable. For many years the town was crude in appearance and in fact.

Lincoln had a favorite story illustrating this. The secretary of state had the care and letting of the assembly chamber, and one day had a request from a meek-looking man with a white necktie to use the room to deliver a course of lectures. Asked the subject, he replied, with a very solemn expression of countenance, "The second coming of our Lord."

"It is of no use," said the secretary, "if you will

take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will not come the second time."³

But the capital city did not long remain uninviting. Her citizens had enterprise and industry. Outside capital came in; factories were established; railroads developed her coal mines; streets were paved; prosperity arrived and stayed.

The cornerstone of the state house was laid on the fourth of July, 1837, with an address by the brilliant orator, E. D. Baker. It was estimated that the cost would be one hundred thirty thousand dollars, but this was only half the sum needed. Before the new building was ready the governor called a special session of the legislature; the house of representatives met in the Presbyterian church, the senate in the Methodist church, and the supreme court in the Episcopal.

Erected in the center of the public square, the state house was built of cut stone from a quarry ten miles away, brought to the city by ox teams. With its two porticos and massive columns, spacious halls and generous rooms for legislature, supreme court and committees, it was the wonder of the country round. It was admired as a model of architectural beauty, and supposed to be ample for the needs of Illinois for all time to come.

But so rapid was the progress of the state that in less than a quarter of a century this building was regarded as no longer adequate. Many departments had to occupy rented rooms. The capitol was called "a squat and unshapely pile," not suited to the pride and pretensions of the people of the fourth state in the Union. It ought, said many, to represent the greatness and dignity of Illinois.

In 1865 a bill was introduced in the legislature to remove the capital to Peoria. Springfield's hotel accommodations were inferior, the charges exorbitant. This bill was finally tabled, but it made the citizens of Springfield anxious. They recognized the consequences that might follow. Immediately they built a new hotel, and made plans for a new state house. The county agreed to buy the old building and the square for two hundred thousand dollars. The city gave eight acres as the site for a new capitol, and a bill was introduced for an initial appropriation.⁴

There were, of course, other cities wanting the state house. But, as before, many other bills were being considered. One county was asking for the state university, another section for a penitentiary, Chicago was eager to have park and canal bills passed. And with so many interests, not combined against her, Springfield won. As the final argument it was urged that the residence of Abraham Lincoln



State Capitol 1837-1876. Here Lincoln received news of his election to the Presidency

had made the city historic ground, sanctified by his grave.

The new capitol was limited to a cost of three million dollars. A prize of three thousand dollars was offered for the best design, and twenty-one were submitted. The one chosen was a blending of classic and modern architecture, in the form of a great cross with a stately dome. The plan to have statues of Lincoln and Douglas at the north and south porticos was never carried out. The cornerstone was laid in October, 1868, but work went along very slowly.

Three years later Peoria offered to reimburse the state for the full amount expended, nearly a million dollars, and donate ten acres for a site, if the capital was moved to that city. Springfield, however, offered additional ground, and finally succeeded in getting the appropriations for the state house passed, despite Peoria's lobbying and the free excursion to that city given to the legislature.⁵

Completed with an additional expenditure of nearly a million and a half, the building was occupied in 1876, although it was not finally finished till twelve years later. One of the most beautiful of the state capitols, its dignity and strength fitly symbolize the resources and power and pride of Illinois. The growth of the state's business, during the last decades, has made what seemed most

generous quarters crowded and cramped. But instead of a new state house, the plan is to erect additional buildings near by, making a beautiful architectural unit. The arsenal, the supreme court building, and the new centennial building, with the state house, are an earnest of a civic center of which Illinois will be justly proud.

XVII

THE ALTON TRAGEDY

ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY was a New Englander, a Presbyterian minister, who moved to Illinois in 1836. For three years he had been editing a religious newspaper in St. Louis. Many of his editorials were strong arguments against slavery, and, published in a slave state, they excited unfavorable comment. When a group of influential citizens counseled him "to pass over in silence everything connected with the subject," he refused in an article on the liberty of the press. Requested then to resign, he announced his intention of removing the paper to Alton.

On the eve of his departure a mob entered his office and most of the press was destroyed. The remnants, shipped to Alton, arrived on Sunday. Lovejoy planned to leave the press on the wharf till the next day; but that night it was broken in pieces and thrown into the river. Men said it was disrespectful to the city of Alton to permit the press to be established there when the paper could not be published in Cincinnati or Louisville or St. Louis.

They feared that an abolition journal so near Missouri, a slave state, would do the town a serious injury and prevent its growth.

But the people of Alton were excited by this cowardly destruction of property, and a public meeting was called, where Lovejoy made a speech. He stated that, though he was opposed to slavery and thought it wrong, he was not an abolitionist, and had indeed been frequently denounced by Garrison because he did not favor their extreme measures. He said that "he was now removed from slavery and could publish a newspaper without discussing it, and that it looked like cowardice to flee from the place where the evil existed and come to a place where it did not exist to oppose it."¹ He wished to establish, not an abolition paper, but a religious weekly. Funds were raised for a new press, and copies of the *Alton Observer* appeared.

Begun solely as a religious journal, Lovejoy's editorials soon changed. Slavery was very moderately referred to, then denounced mildly, but presently the fiercest and most rabid abolition doctrines were being preached. Religion was pressed into service as a mere auxiliary to the cause. Here, for example, is a Lovejoy paragraph on the fourth of July:

"This day reproaches us for our sloth and inactivity. It is the day of our nation's birth. Even as we write crowds are hurrying past our window

in eager anticipation to the appointed bower, to listen to the declaration that 'All men are created equal'; to hear the eloquent orator denounce, in strains of manly indignation, the attempt of England to lay a yoke on the shoulders of our fathers which neither they nor their children could bear. Alas! what bitter mockery is this! We assemble to thank God for our own freedom, and to eat with joy and gladness of heart while our feet are on the necks of nearly three million of our fellow men. Not all our shouts of self-congratulation can drown their groans; even that very flag which waves over our head is formed from material cultivated by slaves, on a soil moistened by their blood, drawn from them by the whip of a republican task-master."²

The citizens, not wishing to see the public peace disturbed, sent a deputation to call on Lovejoy, to remind him of his first plans for the *Observer*, and urging him to desist from his course. He denied having made any promise and contended for the liberty of the press. The people assembled, quietly took press and type, and threw them into the Mississippi.

It was now apparent to all rational men that the *Observer* could no longer be published in Alton as an abolition paper.³ The more reasonable of Lovejoy's party thought it useless to try again, and discussed going to Quincy or some other city. Some

of the group, however, seemed to think the salvation of the black race depended on continuing publication of the *Observer*. Sustain the press at all hazards! Others said it was madness to make the attempt, that already their efforts had come near destroying the religious feeling of the community.

Perhaps not more than fifty men upheld Lovejoy in this crisis, when he said, "I will start another paper, no matter what the consequences may be." Far from being discouraged, he was more determined than ever to publish his sheet in Alton, at the point of the bayonet, if necessary. Another press was ordered, arrived in a few weeks, and was promptly cast into the river. Still another was sent and destroyed, the excitement assuming a spirit of frenzy, increasing to a perfect tornado.

An outbreak was now confidently looked for. All business was suspended. Nothing was talked of but the efforts of the abolitionists.⁴ Lovejoy's followers formed themselves into a military company and kept guard at the wharf. When the next press arrived, on the night of November sixth, they removed it to a warehouse and kept watch about the building all the following day. But in the evening everything was quiet, and all but nineteen of the fatigued party left.

The citizens were goaded on to madness by the taunts and threats of the abolitionists—that they

did not dare touch the press, that powder and lead were not mere playthings, that they had thirty rounds of cartridges and the mob should feel their virtue! Soon after nine o'clock a group of thirty men assembled in front of the warehouse and demanded that the press be given up to them. The night was so clear that both parties were distinctly visible during the parley. The men within replied that they were well provided with arms and ammunition and would defend the press to the last extremity rather than surrender it. With stones and brickbats the assailants attacked the building, trying to carry it by storm. Some one in the warehouse fired from the second floor, killing one of the crowd. Loud and bitter imprecations were heard, and the death of all in the defending group was boldly threatened.

The party outside scattered. Some went to get powder, to blow up the stone building; some for ladders, to set the roof on fire; the bells of the city were rung, and horns blown to assemble a greater multitude.⁵ Armed men came rushing to the scene of action. One side of the warehouse had no windows; and here, safe from shots from within, a man ascended a ladder with a burning torch in his hand. When volunteers were called for to dislodge him, Lovejoy and two others responded, stepped out on the levee, and aimed at the figure on the ladder.

The fire was returned by several men hidden behind a pile of lumber, and Lovejoy was hit by five bullets. Running into the warehouse, he exclaimed, "My God! I am shot!" and died in the arms of a friend.

The crowd continued to fire at the building until the defenders surrendered the press, which was broken up and thrown into the river. The fire company extinguished the flames on the warehouse roof, and all quieted down into darkness and oblivion. Several men on both sides were indicted in cases arising from this riot, but none was found guilty. Both parties judged it advisable to forgive and forget the whole transaction. Indeed, it was made a matter of court record that the abolitionists had not provoked an assault, that there had been no mob, and that no one was killed or wounded!

The day after the tragedy, without ceremony, Lovejoy's body was buried on a high bluff in the south part of Alton.⁶ Some years later this site was chosen for a cemetery, and the main avenue chanced to pass over his grave. His ashes were moved to another place, and on the sixtieth anniversary of his death a monument, erected half by the state and half by public subscription, was dedicated "in gratitude to God, and in the love of liberty."

A man of talent and extraordinary energy and pertinacity, Lovejoy's life was aggressive, his death

tragic. Like all true reformers, he had a grasp of intellect enabling him to see and act ahead of his time. His convictions were deep-seated, but his course was needlessly irritating and offensive to his fellow citizens. In pursuing his end he lost sight of the best means for its attainment.

Because it concerned slavery, the Alton riot caused immense excitement throughout the country.⁷ It was discussed at public meetings and in the press and pulpit. Some papers came out in mourning. Ministers preached on Lovejoy as a martyr. The voice of condemnation was almost universal. Lovejoy had found his grave, it was said, in the bosom of a free state, and his death would kindle a flame which years could not extinguish. Indeed, it took a costly civil war to wipe out the stain.

But Lovejoy was not a member of the abolition party. He was fighting for the freedom of the press and for free speech.

Besides the accounts in the various histories, you will be interested in the *Memoir of Lovejoy*, written by his two brothers.

XVIII

RELIGION MIXED WITH POLITICS

IN 1839 there came to Illinois a group of settlers whose career is one of the most unusual in history, whose few years in our state make one of its most unique stories. These people were the Mormons, or, as they called themselves, "the Latter-Day Saints," and their leader was Joseph Smith.

Some years before he had started a church in western New York, preaching from the Bible, and, like Mahomet, adding to it. His *Book of Mormon* gives a long account of the lost ten tribes of Israel and tells how they settled in America. By means of two crystal stones Smith translated this from the gold plates he discovered, where it was written in peculiar characters. His church had power over the consciences and spiritual affairs of its members, and also over their persons and property. The Jesuit organization was not more complete.¹

From New York the group moved to Ohio and then to Missouri, their numbers constantly increasing. Organized as a community, they said that the

Lord had given them all that country, as they were His Saints. They refused to acknowledge the authority of the state of Missouri, plundered near-by towns, and at last the militia was called out against them. The Mormons surrendered, were ordered to leave the state, and sought refuge in Illinois.

Though it was known that they had left Ohio because of the questionable failure of Smith's bank, though Missouri had found them such undesirable citizens, they were welcomed in Illinois. Several counties vied with one another in their offers of hospitality, and tried to get the strangers to settle within their boundaries. The Mormons told a romantic story of the cruel treatment of their enemies, of their escape through perils of field and flood. They made themselves out as the weaker, persecuted party. And the good people of Illinois expressed much sympathy for these men who suffered in the cause of their religion.² After wandering about for some time, they selected a place on the Mississippi River in Hancock County, and started a town which they called Nauvoo, meaning peaceable or pleasant.

Here they planned to build a great city and temple, as the place for the gathering to Zion. In two years they had put up more than two thousand houses, and Nauvoo, with sixteen thousand people, was the largest town in the state. Into the county people poured, from every part of the world. The

discontented from all other sects, men who loved the new and the mysterious, men who saw in Mormonism a stepping stone to power and wealth; visionary, enthusiast, scoundrel, dupe, made up the members, all fanatical followers of the prophet, Joe Smith.³

The great temple is said to have cost a million dollars in money and labor. The people worked on it, every tenth day, or gave money to pay a mason or carpenter. Placed on the river bluff in a commanding position, it overlooked the country in Illinois and Iowa for twenty miles. It was not planned after any order of architecture, unless we call it Mormonic. Indeed, the Saints themselves said it was begun without a plan, and from day to day the master builder received directions directly from Heaven.

"And really," says a contemporary writer, "it looks as if it was the result of such frequent change as would be produced by a daily accession of new ideas. It has been said that the church architecture of a sect indicates the genius and spirit of a religion." He goes on to describe the characteristic Catholic and Methodist and Presbyterian church, and concludes, "If the genius of Mormonism were tried by this test, as exhibited in the temple, we could only pronounce that it was a piece of patchwork, variable, strange, and incongruous."⁴

But interesting as the Mormons were, had they remained an unobtrusive religious community, their place in Illinois history would be no more important than any other group of settlers, far less than the English colony in Edwards County. But the Mormons almost immediately mixed in Illinois politics, and became an important factor for the years they lived in the state. At that time party feeling ran high, and the contest between Whigs and Democrats was close and bitter. Both sides wanted the Mormon vote, which Smith seemed to hold in the hollow of his hand. He announced that his people should vote for this man or that, with the same assurance as when he told of an angel's message about the *Book of Mormon*. And, like a Jesuit leader's, his power was absolute.

From the legislature the Mormons asked a charter for the town of Nauvoo. Both parties, flattered with the hope of Mormon votes, hurried its passage. In the senate, the ayes and noes were not called for; in the house it was read only by title. It was rushed through, at the opening of the session, even before the "poetry bill," which provided for the members' salaries!

And such powers as this charter gave Nauvoo!⁵ A government within a government—a city council with power to pass ordinances contrary to the laws of the state; a court sitting in all cases arising under

the city laws; a military force, called the Nauvoo Legion, governed by its own ordinances, supplied with arms by the state, but subject only to the governor. The legislature granted another charter for a great tavern, the Nauvoo House, where the prophet and his heirs were to have a suite of rooms forever.

Smith was, at one and the same time, prophet, priest, merchant, president, elder, editor, general of the Nauvoo Legion, mayor, legislator in the council, judge in one court and chief justice in another, real estate agent for the town, and tavern keeper.⁶ He was a fugitive from justice in Missouri, but repeated warrants issued for his arrest were not served. The council of Nauvoo passed a law making it illegal to serve a warrant in that city, unless it had been approved by the mayor—Smith himself. And another ordinance made it lawful to arrest any man who comes “to arrest Joseph Smith with process growing out of the Missouri difficulties.”

It was impossible to serve writs in Hancock County. The Mormons became more and more arrogant and insolent. They petitioned Congress to establish a separate government for them in Nauvoo. Smith announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. The people became embittered against the Saints, saying that

they voted in a body and thus held the balance of power, for no election was possible in the county without their influence and ballots. It was said that they were about to set up a government of their own; that they made counterfeit money; that believing they were entitled to all the goodly farms in the country, it was no moral offense to anticipate God's putting them in possession by stealing when opportunity offered; that Nauvoo sheltered outlaws and murderers and thieves, making religion a cloak for crime; and that under the name of "spiritual wives" Smith encouraged polygamy and immorality.⁷

So it is not surprising that when a schism occurred in the church, led by a man named Law, numbers of outsiders joined his group against the despotic prophet. Law started a newspaper, to put his cause before the people, to expose Smith's iniquities and fight his doctrine of polygamy. But only one number was published, when the Mormons scattered the press to the four winds and expelled Law and his friends from the church. Warrants against Smith were discharged in his court. An appeal was then sent to Governor Ford, asking him to send the militia to arrest the offenders. The assailing of the liberty of the press was of course a powerful argument.

When troops were called out to serve as a constable's posse, Smith assembled the Nauvoo Legion and declared martial law. The governor himself went up to Carthage. The prophet and his brother surrendered at his request, and were locked up in jail on a charge of riot. The Legion gave up their arms. Now Ford knew that the troops were only waiting for some excuse to attack the Mormons. When he learned of a plan to fire on the soldiers and accuse the Saints of the deed, he promptly disbanded all the militia except a guard for the Carthage jail.

Going over to Nauvoo, the governor addressed the Mormons, explaining the situation and receiving their pledge to abide by the laws, even against the orders of their church. This would probably have postponed any collision, but while the governor was absent on this mission, an armed mob was taking charge of affairs in Carthage. And this mob was none other than some of the disbanded soldiers of the state!

"About two hundred of these men," says Ford's account of this event, "many of them disguised by blacking their faces with powder and mud, hastened immediately to Carthage. There they encamped, at some distance from the village, and soon learned that one of the companies left as a guard had disbanded and returned to their homes; the other company, the Carthage Greys, was stationed by the captain in the public square, a hundred and fifty yards

from the jail. Whilst eight men were detailed to guard the prisoners.

"A communication was soon established between the conspirators and the company; and it was arranged that the guard should have their guns charged with blank cartridges and fire at the assailants when they attempted to enter the jail. . . . The conspirators came up, jumped the slight fence around the jail, were fired upon by the guard, which, according to arrangement, was overpowered immediately, and the assailants entered the prison, to the door of the room where the two prisoners were confined, with two of their friends, who voluntarily bore them company.

"An attempt was made to break open the door; but Joe Smith, being armed with a six-barreled pistol, furnished by his friends, fired several times as the door was bursted open, and wounded three of the assailants. At the same time several shots were fired into the room, . . . and Hiram Smith was instantly killed. Joe Smith now attempted to escape by jumping out of the second-story window; but the fall so stunned him that he was unable to rise; and being placed in a sitting posture by the conspirators below, they dispatched him with four balls shot through his body. Thus fell Joe Smith, the most successful impostor in modern times."⁸

But his death, instead of ending the sect, gave the Mormons a new confidence in their faith, an increased fanaticism, and many more members. Their vote was sought by both parties in the presidential

election of 1844. The anti-Mormon group grew more and more bitter. In spite of the governor's resolution to have the assassins of the two Smiths punished with the utmost rigor of the law, it was impossible to convict them; for the anti-Mormons had a jury of their friends. Neither was it possible to convict the men guilty of destroying the printing press, for the Mormons were tried before a Mormon jury.

"No leading man on either side could be arrested without the aid of an army. . . . No one would be convicted of any crime in Hancock; and this put an end to the administration of civil law in that distracted county. Government was at an end there, and the whole community were delivered up to the dominion of a frightful anarchy." There was little but riot and warfare. In the autumn of 1845 the Mormons in one village were told to leave, but refused. A mob burned their houses, and the inmates in utter destitution fled to Nauvoo. The Mormon sheriff there promptly raised a posse, drove the anti-Mormons out of the county, and burned their homes, plundering and laying waste with fire and sword.

The soldiers were called out again. The Mormon elders, convinced by now that they could not remain longer in the state, bargained that they would leave in the spring, if they were not molested during the

winter. A small garrison stayed in Nauvoo. Meetings of more than four men were prohibited. The strictest military order was kept and peace maintained.

All the houses in Nauvoo, even the great temple, were transformed into workshops. By spring more than twelve thousand wagons had been made, to carry the people and their goods to the Pacific coast.⁹ In February, while the river was covered with ice and the ground with deep snow, the twelve apostles and a few followers started—the story is, to avoid arrest for counterfeiting. And in May about sixteen thousand Mormons set out together, but a difficult journey they had to their promised land.

Forcibly ejected from Missouri, they had to make a roundabout trip through Iowa. They spent the winter near Council Bluffs, where they had cholera and fever. The Indians hovered about, ready to plunder them. Not till July did they reach the valley of the Great Salt Lake, where they remained. In that desert country there was, for a long time, no anti-Mormon party, and the Latter-Day Saints prospered greatly.

Thus into Illinois and out of the state passed this sect, based on delusion and imposture, led by a man of so little education that he read indifferently and wrote and spelled badly, who nevertheless main-

tained his authority as spiritual and temporal and political leader of an ever-increasing group of people.

But the Mormons were not through with Illinois. There were two young men, law partners in Springfield, who had seen the evils of polygamy during the Mormon residence in Illinois.¹⁰ In 1865 one of them, a representative in Congress, introduced a bill prohibiting plural marriages. It passed the house but failed in the senate. Eighteen years later, as senator from Illinois, Cullom introduced the same bill and secured its passage. His former law partner was appointed federal judge in Utah, then a territory governed by Congress, and the law was enforced strictly and fearlessly. The Mormons themselves appreciated the justice and high-mindedness of this Illinoisan, and when Utah was admitted as a state, their vote elected Zane as their chief justice.

XIX

ILLINOIS IN THE MEXICAN WAR

IN the very month when the Mormons left, another group of men were preparing to start from Illinois, but for a far different reason. The annexation of Texas in May, 1845, was made an excuse for the war with Mexico, and just a year later the president called for volunteers. Illinois's apportionment was four regiments.

A wave of patriotism swept over the state. Men were enlisting everywhere. The women formed sewing societies to make uniforms, for each soldier provided his own, and was later reimbursed for his outlay. By the middle of June nine regiments were enrolled, but only the four asked for could be accepted.

The United States had at that time a very small regular army, and the brunt of the war fell on the volunteers. The quickness of their assembling, their prodigious journeys, their splendid esprit de corps, are among the wonderful incidents of the war. They made long marches over mountainous and des-

olate country, over arid prairies under a tropical sun. They reached the enervating southern climate in the very heat of midsummer. There was an unprecedented amount of sickness.

"Heat—heat—heat;" wrote home one Illinois soldier, "rain—rain—rain; mud—mud—mud, intermingled with spots of sand gravel, form the principal features of the route from Levacca to San Antonio. Loaded wagons, of course, moved slowly over the roads, and our troops were scourged on the route by the mumps and measles."¹

The Illinois regiments missed Palo Alto and Monterey, but did arrive in time to fight at Buena Vista, to help invest Vera Cruz, and to storm the last stronghold of the Mexicans at Cerro Gordo.

Special praise they won at Buena Vista, a narrow pass in the mountains, called "a perfect Thermopylæ." Santa Anna, with a force of twenty thousand men, entered the valley on the twenty-second of February. In honor of the day the American watchword was "the memory of Washington." The Mexicans sent Taylor a flag of truce, assuring him he would be cut to pieces and summoning him to surrender. The answer was, "General Taylor never surrenders," though his force was less than five thousand. That night the Americans bivouacked on the field, without fires, resting on their arms. It was

cold and dreary, with rain and gusts of wind. Santa Anna made a speech to his soldiers, telling in burning words the wrongs heaped on Mexico by the barbarians from the north, who could plainly hear the vivas greeting him. They could hear the Mexican band playing till late in the night.²

The next morning the battle began, lasting till dark. Because of the deep gullies and gorges, only a limited number of men could fight at one place. And in some of the attacks the Mexicans charged six to one, eight to one, even ten to one. But the Americans stubbornly resisted, no matter how overwhelming the numbers of the enemy. Illinois volunteers, never under fire before, made a gallant twenty-minute charge that practically won the day, and during the night Santa Anna withdrew from the field. This was the most stubborn battle of the war, and its turning point.

"The first and second Illinois and the Kentucky regiments," wrote Taylor in his official report, "served immediately under my eye, and I bear a willing testimony to their excellent conduct throughout the day. The spirit and gallantry with which the First Illinois and Second Kentucky engaged the enemy in the morning, restored confidence to that part of the field, while the list of casualties will show how much these three regiments suffered in sustaining the heavy charge of the enemy in the afternoon."³

In every battle the officers and men of Illinois distinguished themselves. Their daring courage and intrepid valor won honor for themselves and glory for the state. Nobly Illinois acted her part, gaining character and standing by the extraordinary efforts of her soldiers. Because of the few men engaged the victories of Scott and Taylor were the more brilliant. Indeed, it has been said that the only battles in history to be compared with these in the Mexican War are the stories in the Old Testament.

The Illinois troops, enlisted for one year, were mustered out in May, 1847. Two more regiments were sent to Mexico, but they had only skirmishes with guerrillas, and heavy losses from sickness. For the war was practically over, and peace was made early in 1848.

The troops brought home as a trophy a cannon which they captured at Cerro Gordo and turned on the enemy. Charging there on the retreating Mexicans, they came on the carriage of Santa Anna. Only a few moments before he had escaped on one of the mules, cut from the traces. Among the effects found in the carriage was the general's wooden leg. It was held up to the view of the soldiers, and brought back to Illinois.⁴ And to this day it is one of the treasures in Memorial Hall in the state house.

XX

THE CODE OF HONOR

THE practise of dueling, an inheritance from the French, was never so popular in Illinois as in many other states. But her history tells of some interesting challenges, and she took a leading part in abolishing this custom.

The first duel in Illinois was in 1765, when the British troops came to take possession of Fort Chartres. Two young officers, one French, the other English, were rival suitors for the hand of a young lady in the neighborhood.¹ A quarrel arose which led to a challenge. One Sunday morning they fought with small swords near the fort and the English officer was killed. The Frenchman made haste to go down the Mississippi to New Orleans, showing how the public of that early day felt toward dueling.

When the separation of Illinois and Indiana was being excitedly discussed, a personal controversy developed between Rice Jones, a promising young lawyer, and Shadrach Bond. A challenge and acceptance followed. They met on an island near

Kaskaskia. The weapons were hair-trigger pistols, and Jones's was discharged prematurely. Bond's second claimed that, according to the code, it was now his turn to fire. But Bond, unwilling to take such a murderous advantage of his adversary, cried out, "No, it was an accident!" and refused. To conduct so noble Jones responded, their difficulty was reconciled, and they left the field together. But later the second quarreled with Jones, and assassinated him in the street, while he was talking to a lady. The murderer escaped to Texas, but public opinion was aroused. The following year Governor Edwards and the judges adopted a law that a fatal duel was murder. The men aiding the principals were equally guilty.² Sending or accepting a challenge prevented a man from holding any office of honor or trust. This was an important step in suppressing dueling.

In 1819 occurred the first and last fatal duel in the state. At a carousal in Belleville two men quarreled, and a sham duel was proposed, to provide some rare sport for the crowd. The weapons were to be rifles, loaded with powder only. The combatants took their places, forty steps apart, and at the signal both fired. One man fell, mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. His opponent, suspecting a cheat, had secretly slipped a ball into his rifle.

Arrested, the murderer escaped from jail. Two years later he was discovered in Arkansas, brought back to Belleville by a trick, tried and convicted. Governor Bond was besieged with petitions for his pardon. But the man who had refused twelve years before to take advantage of his foe would not yield in this case and the murderer was hanged. Bond's firmness in insisting on the execution of the law had much to do with making dueling unpopular and discredited.³

A few years later an unusual duel took place in a mining camp near Galena. Two men fell out and agreed to fight a duel with rocks. Two piles of stones, alike in number and size, were arranged ten paces apart by the seconds, and the combatants stationed by them. Stones flew thick and fast for a time, but one man was so strong and so expert in throwing that the other had to flee to save his life. So this duel was of short duration.

During the legislature of 1840 so many "affairs of honor" were threatened among the members that one senator proposed the dueling law should be suspended for a fortnight, to give full opportunity for the settling of all personal difficulties. One case, between a youthful member of the house and a supreme court judge, actually went so far that time and place and weapons had been agreed upon, when a complaint was lodged by the attorney-general of

Illinois. A warrant was issued, the judge arrested, and placed under bond to keep the peace.⁴ This was the end compassed by mutual friends in several of these "affairs."

The most famous duel in Illinois was the one where Shields challenged Lincoln. The state treasurer and Shields, the auditor, had issued a proclamation that taxes must be paid in specie, not in paper money. This was the year when the state bank failed, the very worst of the hard times. Lincoln wrote a letter to a Springfield newspaper, dated from "Lost Township," a dialogue between Aunt Rebecca and a neighbor who had

"been tugging ever since harvest getting out wheat and hauling it to the river to raise State Bank paper enough to pay my tax this year and a little school debt I owe; and now, just as I've got it, here I open this infernal EXTRA REGISTER, expecting to find it full of 'Glorious Democratic Victories' and 'High Comb'd Cocks,' when, lo and behold! I find a set of fellows, calling themselves officers of the State, have forbidden the tax collectors and school commissioners to receive State paper at all; and so here it is dead on my hands."

"Shields is a fool as well as a liar. With him truth is out of the question; and as for getting a good, bright, passable lie out of him, you might as well try to strike fire from a cake of tallow. . . .

He's a Whig, and no mistake; nobody but a Whig could make such a conceity dunce of himself. . . . And now, Mr. Printer, will you be sure to let us know in your next paper whether this Shields is a Whig or a Democrat? . . . I know well enough how it is already; but I want to convince Jeff. It may do some good to let him, and others like him, know who and what these officers of State are. It may help to send the present hypocritical set to where they belong, and to fill the places they now disgrace with men who will do more work for less pay, and take a fewer airs while they are doing it."⁵

A week later a second letter was published, and then Rebecca sent a third in rhyme. These were written, not by Lincoln, but by two young ladies in Springfield, one of whom he afterward married, while the other became Mrs. Lyman Trumbull. These publications subjected the vain and irascible Irish auditor of Illinois to merriment and ridicule on every side. Instead of laughing at the satire, he demanded of the editor the name of the author who was attacking his "private character and standing as a man."

"Give him my name," said Lincoln, "and say not a word about the young ladies."

Shields demanded a full, positive and absolute retraction and apology for the insults. Lincoln could not in honor say that the second and third letters were written by two estimable ladies. And

Shields was not satisfied by his saying that in writing the first letter he was concerned only with its political effect and had no thought of anything personal. He was promptly challenged to a duel and accepted.

"I am wholly opposed to dueling, and will do anything to avoid it," he said, "that will not degrade me in the estimation of myself and friends; but if degradation or a fight are the alternatives, I shall fight."⁶

As the challenged party had the privilege of choosing weapons and position, Lincoln selected cavalry broadswords of the largest size; and stipulated that a board should be set up between him and Shields, over which they were to hack away at each other, at a distance of three feet more than the length of the sword. In spite of the length of Lincoln's arms, this placed them both out of harm's way!

Lincoln insisted that as dueling was against the law in Illinois, the meeting should be in Missouri. The affair went so far that the combatants actually left the state, their seconds provided with the two swords, but mutual friends patched up a reconciliation and the ludicrous duel never came off. Later Shields challenged one of Lincoln's seconds, and a third duel was threatened between two of the "friends"; but these, like the original one, came to

nothing. And the whole affair, which Lincoln used to call "my scrape with Shields," through ridicule and derision, tended the more to discredit dueling.

Outside the state there were three duels where Illinoisans were involved. Two on the Pacific coast resulted fatally, and E. D. Baker, pronouncing the funeral oration, launched a marvelous philippic against dueling, which stirred the nation. "The code of honor is a delusion and a snare . . . a shield, blazoned with the name of chivalry, to cover the malignity of murder."

The third was in Washington, during the long discussions before the compromise of 1850 was adopted, when southern congressmen vaunted their chivalry and disparaged northern courage by frequent reference to the Mexican War. A Virginian tried to award the whole credit for the battle of Buena Vista to a Mississippi regiment, commanded by Jefferson Davis, then United States senator. Exception was taken by a member from Illinois, Colonel Bissell, whose regiment had charged and snatched victory from defeat. His brilliant reply vindicated the courage of the northerners and pricked the vain assumption of the south. Davis at once challenged him—as if a duel could vary the facts of history and move his regiment a mile and a half nearer the scene of action!

All Washington was on the *qui vive*.

"Will he accept? Will Bissell stand fire?" they asked.

Daniel Webster came over from the senate to the floor of the house, and asked to be introduced to him. "He will do, the south has mistaken its man," was his comment.

Promptly the challenge was accepted. Bissell selected the common army musket, loaded with a ball and three buckshot, the combatants to be stationed at forty paces, with liberty to advance to ten. This showed his purpose to fight to the death, and the southerners were amazed.

"But an army musket is not the weapon of a gentleman," protested Davis.

"No real gentleman settles a difference by fighting a duel," was Bissell's reply.

The meeting was to take place on the last day of February. The evening before, the president, who was the father-in-law of Jefferson Davis, took legal steps to stop the duel. But after midnight mutual friends effected a reconciliation, the challenge was withdrawn, and the affair ended, a source of no little pride to Illinoisans.⁸

XXI

REAL IMPROVEMENTS

ILLINOIS found, by bitter experience, that improvements in transportation could not be wisely and economically made by the state. But the failure of the internal improvement system could not long delay the canal.

A water connection between Lake Michigan and the Illinois River had been suggested by Joliet in 1673. The following year Father Dablon wrote:

“According to the researches and explorations of Joliet, we can easily go to Florida in boats, and by a very good navigation, with slight improvements. There will be but one canal to make—and that by cutting only one-half a league of prairie from the lake of the Illinois (Michigan) into the St. Louis river (the Illinois), which empties into the Mississippi. . . . The bark, having entered this river, could easily sail to the Gulf of Mexico.”¹

La Salle mentions it, then silence until 1795, when the Indians by treaty gave “a free passage by land and by water, as one and the other shall

be found convenient, through their country, from the mouth of the Chicago to the commencement of the portage between that river and the Illinois, and down the Illinois river to the Mississippi."

From that time on it was frequently discussed, as the link between east and west, important for military and commercial purposes. Governor Edwards, urging the construction of the canal, made a treaty with the Indians for a tract of land ten miles wide on either side of the suggested route from the lake to the Illinois River. The red men received "a considerable quantity of merchandise" and a promise of goods to the value of a thousand dollars a year for twelve years—the amount so small because the Indians were assured of the canal's advantages to them: they could ply their canoes on its surface, and seek their game!

Beginning in 1818, with Governor Bond, each governor in his message to the legislature urged the canal. Because the portage was so short it was regarded as easily accomplished. More than once the state gave money for a survey. An early estimate of the cost was six hundred forty thousand dollars. The legislature in 1826 asked Congress for aid in building the canal. Through the efforts of Daniel P. Cook, one of the Illinois representatives, the federal government gave to the state alternate sections of land on both sides of the canal for five miles.

This totaled nearly three hundred thousand acres, and included the original site of Chicago.² People called it "the sheet anchor of the canal."

At one time the plans were abandoned entirely and it was decided to build a railroad instead of the canal, as this would cost only one million instead of four. An attempt to have a private corporation build the canal was made and a charter secured, but no stock was sold. Finally, when the internal improvement craze was on, the friends of the canal, in the general log-rolling of that session of the legislature, by voting for railroads all over the state, secured votes for their measure, and canal bonds were issued. This expense of a million and a half was not included in the eight millions of internal improvements, for the canal was always kept separate.

Ground was broken on the fourth of July, 1836, and at this time the cost was estimated at nearly nine million dollars—four times the cost of the Erie Canal, but its dimensions were larger. Much of the route lay through marshy lands, flooded in spring and autumn, difficult of access. The first year forty thousand was spent on roads leading to the canal site! The excavating through rock proved enormously expensive. The country bordering the canal was settled scatteringly, and afforded no shelter and no provisions for the laborers. All supplies

had to be brought from abroad. Workmen were paid from twenty to thirty dollars a month, plus board. Potatoes cost in Chicago seventy-five cents a bushel, flour twelve dollars a barrel, and other articles in proportion.³ So the high cost of living in 1836 made the canal an expensive undertaking.

The grand muddle of the state's finances, following the failure of the banks and the internal improvement system, involved the canal in temporary difficulties. There were no funds to meet the interest on the canal bonds. All work stopped for two or three years. Illinois investments were universally discredited. A Chicago lawyer proposed that the state give the canal in trust to the bondholders: they to finish it, manage the property, and receive the tolls, in return for taking additional bonds for one million six hundred thousand dollars. The canal to be their property until all the bonds were redeemed. This plan was adopted by the legislature, and the day was saved for the canal. For the primary object of the state was to open this avenue of commerce for the benefit of the public, not to have the income it might yield.

Finally the canal was completed and the first boat passed through in April, 1848, celebrated with enthusiastic demonstrations along the entire route. It remained the property of the trustees for the bond-

holders for twenty-six years and then reverted to the state.

In 1865 sanitary reasons made it imperative to deepen the cana'—to turn the pure waters of the lake into the shallow, disease-breeding Chicago River and reverse its current into the Illinois. Since the opening of the Panama Canal plans are forming to make Illinois's waterway deep enough for ocean vessels, that can then load their grain at Chicago, go down the Mississippi to the gulf, and cross to South America or Europe, or through the isthmus into the Pacific.

The total cost of the canal has been twenty times the original estimate, but the sales of land paid nearly half of this. Contrary to the hopes of its early supporters, its income has failed to pay the expenses of the state government. But, through the leases of water power and land and ice, the sales of clay and stone, and the tolls, it is no longer an expense to Illinois.

But more than the canal Illinois needed railroads to market her surplus products. They must be built by private companies, not by the state. The first railroad in the United States was in use by 1830, and just six years later the first one in Illinois, a road six miles long, to carry coal to the Mississippi River opposite St. Louis. Next a road was planned

from Chicago to Galena, and a part of it was actually built. The third was one of the internal improvements, which the state was glad to sell for a tenth of its cost.⁴

And then came the Illinois Central, called "the most splendid and most magnificent road in America"; and to-day Illinois has more miles of railroads than any other state in the Union. In October, 1835, Sidney Breese, in a newspaper letter, called attention to the importance of a railroad connecting the canal with the lower Mississippi, by a route that would never be obstructed by low water or ice. The grand scheme to join Cairo and Chicago was part of the internal improvement craze, and the sum of six hundred thousand dollars was voted for this road. Some work was actually done, but it was abandoned with the collapse of the system.

Various plans were made during the next decade, and a bill introduced in Congress granting land for railroad purposes. This twice passed the senate, but failed in the house, once by two votes. It finally succeeded in 1850, largely through the efforts of Stephen A. Douglas.⁵ The people and newspapers of the state hailed the news with joyful demonstrations. Chicago celebrated with the firing of cannon and a public dinner to Douglas, but he modestly insisted that his colleagues in the house should be included.

The grant from Congress gave to Illinois a right of way two hundred feet wide from Cairo to the south end of the canal, branching there to Chicago and Galena; and the even numbered sections of land on each side of this right of way for six miles—a total of nearly three million acres. The state chartered the Illinois Central Railroad Company, giving to this corporation the lands granted by Congress, with the provision that, instead of taxes, the road should pay seven per cent. of its gross income each year to the state treasurer.

With the land as security, stock and bonds for the new road sold at par, sales of land paid the interest charges and yielded so much more that the road almost paid for itself! Work began in north and south in 1852 and continued with little interruption. The main line was completed by June of 1855, the branches by September of the following year, though trains began running as soon as any one portion was finished.

Through the wildest and most sparsely settled sections of the state this road was laid out. Deer and wild game roamed at will. Neither house nor tree was to be seen, frequently, on the boundless prairies. And in the entire route of seven hundred miles it did not pass through a dozen towns large enough to be on the map.⁶

But the national government did not lose by this

generous grant to Illinois. Its land had been on the market for twenty years, at a dollar and a quarter an acre, yet found no purchasers. With the railroad a certainty, this same land sold for an average price of five dollars an acre; and the federal government, by casting its bread on the waters, made something over nine millions.

And the results to the state were no less marked. The unsettled interior was opened to immigrants. The rich soil was brought into cultivation. Almost overnight ten million acres in private hands increased in value and added forty millions to the taxable wealth of Illinois. The rich agricultural and mineral products of the newly developed region found ready markets. Chicago had another "boost" in her marvelous growth.⁷

Best of all, in forty years the state treasury received more money from the Illinois Central than was appropriated for the whole internal improvement system. Lest the railroad might try to have this seven per cent. provision changed, and some legislature yield to the demand, in 1870 this was written into the state constitution. And this income for the state, constantly increasing, is now perpetual.

But more than the canal and more than the railroads the prairie-breaking plow is responsible for the prosperity of Illinois. It is the realest of her internal improvements. For it made the prairie coun-

try, covering about two-thirds of the state, available for farms. It opened an avenue of wealth greater than all the mines of gold and silver in the nation.

The earliest settlers cleared the timber land with axes and broke its soil with a wooden plow banded with iron. The prairies they used only for pasturage. A beautiful wilderness it was—covered with waving grass, taller than a man on horseback; with rosin weed, gay with yellow blooms; with many bushes and flowering shrubs, with acres and acres of wild strawberries. But it was so infested with swarms of yellow-headed flies, mosquitoes and buffalo gnats that in the summer-time travelers journeyed only at night.⁸ The pioneers ridiculed the idea that the tough prairie sod would ever yield to the civilizing plow, and would produce greater crops than the timber land.

In 1826 Oramel Clark, a Connecticut blacksmith who had settled in Sangamon County, made a sod plow. It was drawn by oxen and held to the furrows by a man walking behind it, grasping its handles. But when the share struck a red-root, the toughest of the prairie grasses, the handles would strike the man, and usually knocked him flat. Clark, however, was patient and persisted; and in 1830 a prairie-breaking plow was achieved—rude and clumsy and awkward, but efficient.⁹

Fastened to a six-inch beam of oak was the iron

share, with edge of steel. There were wooden trucks, one wheel at the side and one in the furrow, and a very heavy frame, so that the whole weighed about a thousand pounds and was five times as large as the plows of to-day. But it had a tough work to accomplish and must needs be massive and heavy, to stay in the furrow. Improvements in Clark's plow followed, and soon the crack of the ox-whip announced a new day for Illinois. With five or six, or even eight yoke of oxen, the prairie soil was broken up; but so tough and thick was the grass that if corn was to be planted the same year holes had to be chopped with an ax or hatchet for the kernels to be dropped in. By twelve months later the grass had begun to rot.

One of the picturesque characters of the day was the old ox driver, carrying his great whip, with a handle six feet long and a twelve-foot lash. He could wield it so skilfully that, twenty feet distant, he could flick a prairie fly off the back of a certain ox. The oxen were trained to come under the yoke, to turn to right or left. They went slowly but steadily up and down the field, turning a two-foot furrow, often half a mile long. The plowman usually owned his oxen and offered the service of himself, his heavy implement, and his patient animals, charging from two to three dollars an acre. People complained at paying double the initial cost to have

the land made ready for a crop. But timber land, cleared, was worth twenty dollars an acre, and though they were perhaps equally rich, the prairie land retained its fertility longer.

This conquest of Illinois, begun in the thirties, lasted for thirty years; a bloodless conquest, not less deserving of renown than victories in war. Its results were a revolution in western farming, a movement and shift of population seldom equaled in the history of the world. It changed millions of acres from trackless wilderness into prosperous farms. People from the eastern states and immigrants from Europe flocked to Illinois, and in the fifties, the principal decade of the subjugation, the population more than doubled.

But after the prairies began to be cultivated and prolific crops produced, there was no market for corn and wheat, flax and tobacco. The farmers fed their corn to cattle and hogs and drove them to St. Louis and Cincinnati and Chicago, sometimes even over the mountains to New York and Philadelphia.

Clark's prairie-breaking plow was a John the Baptist in the Illinois wilderness, heralding a new order of things. For just in the years when, perfected, it was being widely used, began the success of railroads and farm machinery in the west. The very decade which saw the prairies conquered saw the

building of the Illinois Central, and miles and miles of other roads—for the prosperity of the farms and the success of railroads are interdependent. The same years saw, too, the invention of agricultural machinery as we know it to-day—planters and cultivators, reapers and threshers. Rapid transportation, underground drainage, a wise rotation of crops, seed selection, good roads, have added to the agricultural resources of Illinois. To-day the scientist is among us. The soil chemist, trained at a state agricultural college, is teaching the farmers of Illinois how to preserve the fertility of their fields, how to use and not abuse the land. Who can foretell what future improvements will be?

XXII

THE GROWTH OF A PARTY

UP to now the story of Illinois has been all her own, touching the history of the nation only incidentally. But for the next few years events in Illinois are not a part of the country's history, rather they are the story of the nation. Take away from United States history these incidents and you have nothing left.

During her early years as a state the politics of Illinois were personal and confused, with no clear-cut issues. The slavery campaign in 1824 is the one exception, but this was not related to any national event. Beginning in the early thirties, however, Illinois had definitely organized political parties. There were regular conventions held by Whigs and Democrats. And for twenty-four years one party carried the day, for Illinois was a Democratic stronghold, with only an occasional Whig to vary the monotony of her delegations in Congress. By 1850 one of her senators was a recognized national leader in his party, and was even talked of for the presidency.

On the question of slavery, the people of Illinois were very conservative. They had, you remember, voted against establishing slavery in their own state. But they were not in favor of interfering with it elsewhere. You already know, from the Lovejoy story, how strong the feeling was against abolition. And this was true, not only in Alton, but among most of the responsible leaders in the state. Illinois congressmen voted as a unit against the Wilmot proviso.¹

But the slavery question, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. And gradually a change was coming. The underground railroad became well organized in certain Illinois towns. The law made every citizen a slave-catcher, and against this the lovers of freedom rebelled and secretly helped fugitives on their way north. Canada was their Mecca, especially after the proclamation of Queen Victoria "that every fugitive from United States slavery should be recognized and protected as a British subject the moment his foot touched the soil of her domain."²

Negroes were hidden in barns and garrets, even in the cupola of a church. Supplies of clothing were kept in readiness. And on dark and stormy nights this human freight was forwarded from one station to another. Being a conductor on this railroad meant great labor and expense, the risk of a heavy

fine or six months in prison, and social ostracism. But resistance to the law increased, and when one house became too well known as a stopping place, the station was changed.

Chicago was the great railroad center in Illinois, for slaves could be sent by boat to Detroit and then slip over to Canada. Ottawa, Quincy and Jacksonville were stations, while a runaway slave was as safe on the streets of Galesburg as if he were already in a free land.

Politically, too, a change was at hand. The Free Soil vote in 1848 was a straw showing how the wind blew. And the turn of the tide was clearly indicated by the criticism poured on the head of Senator Douglas, denouncing him for his vote on the fugitive slave bill in 1850. Both Whigs and Democrats had worked for this measure and approved of the compromise. The presidential election two years later made the Democratic party seem well-nigh invincible.

But suddenly public opinion changed. The slavery question came up again, more violent and bitter than ever before. The cause was the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which canceled the Missouri line by saying, "Instead of having an arbitrary division between free and slave states, we will leave this to the people of each territory to decide for themselves." Douglas called it "non-intervention"; the

people named it "squatter sovereignty." Though it was suggested by a Whig senator from a southern state, the credit or blame for the measure centered wholly on Stephen A. Douglas, who was chairman of the committee on territories and fathered it through Congress.³

Like a clap of thunder in a clear sky the Kansas-Nebraska bill came on the country. Its passage was greeted by salvos of artillery in Washington, announcing a triumph. But the booming of these cannon wakened the echoes and aroused the north, filling the people with indignation. It caused a spontaneous combustion, kindling the fires of freedom and forming a new group in politics. Everywhere it made fatal changes in the old party lines. The Whigs became a name only. The Free Soilers and the American party, with many ardent ex-Democrats and zealous ex-Whigs, plus citizens of foreign birth, joined to create the Republican party. These odds and ends, incongruous, heterogeneous, largely through the shrewd advice of Abraham Lincoln, were fused into harmony and union. The members disagreed on almost every question, but did agree in this one thing: opposition to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.⁴ The Republicans were wise in selecting their time, Lincoln skilful in choosing this one issue.

In the local elections in 1854 Illinois went anti-

Nebraska, and the new party had votes enough in the legislature to elect a senator. But they had two candidates, Lincoln, almost their unanimous choice, and Lyman Trumbull, an ex-Democrat. The excitement became intense as the balloting continued and the Democratic candidate crept up within three of a majority. Quick to see the impending danger, Lincoln, placing principle above self, besought his friends to support Trumbull. Judge Logan transferred his vote with tears, the others followed, and Trumbull, strongly anti-Nebraska, became senator.⁵ Two years later the Republicans, like an infant Hercules, were strong enough to secure the governorship, though the legislature was Democratic.

Meanwhile the Nebraska matter had assumed a new phase. Douglas's principle of squatter sovereignty, if honestly applied and fairly carried out in a new territory, offered the chance of a peaceful solution of this burning question. But to Kansas and Nebraska armed immigrants were promptly sent by the north, while armed slave holders pressed over the Missouri border. Naturally collision followed and border war. The Lecompton constitution, forcing slavery on an unwilling people, voted through by fraud, was opposed by Douglas. Its submission to the people, he said, was a mockery and an insult, and he would resist it to the last, as illegal and unfair.⁶ He became the champion of

the people of Kansas, standing with the "black Republicans" against his Democratic friends. He disregarded party ties, he opposed the wish of President Buchanan, though he knew the slave power would not forgive him. And the Republican newspapers heartily praised his course.

Another event changed the temper of the people. This was the famous Dred Scott decision, making it legal for a slave owner to take his negroes into a free state and still own them as personal property. Look up this test case and see how Illinois touches the story of Dred Scott and his wife Harriet. Look up, too, the members of the supreme court, and see how many of them were southerners, and you can then understand their decision about the slaves of this army surgeon.⁷ Douglas upheld the court, Lincoln opposed it.

As regards the slavery question, Lincoln saw that men must now stand on one side or the other, with no middle ground and no third party. He was to make a speech in a Republican state convention, and submitted this paragraph to his friends:

"'A house divided against itself can not stand.' I believe this government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be di-

vided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, north as well as south."

His friends were startled at this radical suggestion. Only one of them approved.

"'It will never do for you to make that speech,' they urged. 'What you say is true, but the time has not come for you to say it. It will defeat your election. It will ruin the party.'"

"'My friends,' Lincoln replied, 'the time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.'"⁸

And after the speech was made and he had been nominated as candidate for senator, he wrote to a pessimistic friend, "If I had to draw my pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight, and if I had one poor choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world as it is."

Lincoln and Douglas were the standard bearers

of their parties. They spoke at Chicago, on successive days, and again in Springfield, and then Lincoln challenged Douglas to a series of joint debates. This method of presenting a political issue had come to Illinois from Kentucky, and the people had always favored it. Candidates must be accustomed to public speaking and willing to meet their opponents on the stump or they had no chance of success at the polls. There were no daily papers and few weeklies in the pioneer days. And a public debate was the best way to tell the people about political matters. A candidate could not mislead his hearers when both were heard at one meeting. By 1858, of course, the reason for debates, through the multiplication of papers and magazines, had disappeared. Yet people still felt that hearing the leaders argue was the best way to arrive at the merits of any political controversy.⁹

Douglas accepted the challenge, and it was arranged that they should have seven debates—an hour's opening, followed by a ninety-minute speech, the first speaker to have a half hour to reply. Douglas's friends called him the "little giant." Physically and intellectually Lincoln was the big giant. The Democrats, from the senator down, were confident. They boasted that "the little giant would use up Old Abe and utterly demolish him." So noisy and demonstrative were they, so absolutely sure of suc-

cess, that some of the Republicans became alarmed. One of Lincoln's friends spoke to him of their anxiety.

"Sit down," was his reply, "let me tell you a story. You and I, as we have traveled the circuit together attending court, have often seen two men about to fight. One of them, the big or the little giant, as the case may be, is noisy and boastful. He jumps high in the air, strikes his feet together, smites his fists, brags about what he is going to do, and tries hard to *skeer* the other man, who says not a word. His arms hang down, his fists are clenched, his teeth set, his head settled firmly on his shoulders, he saves his breath and strength for the struggle. This man will whip, just as sure as the fight comes off. Good-by, and remember what I say."¹⁰

The friends of Douglas managed his campaign well. A special train, decorated with flags and banners, carried him from city to city like a conquering hero. Its arrival was announced with the booming of cannon, bands playing, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and air-splitting cheers. At night there were fireworks. Lincoln traveled alone, with no trumpeter to herald his coming.

And now blazed forth in full splendor the most remarkable canvass ever made in Illinois. The very prairies seemed alive with political discussions. The people talked of little else. The railroads did an

enormous business, for excursions were the order of the day. From five to twenty thousand people heard each of the debates, held out-of-doors because no halls were large enough to accommodate the audiences. Men went in wagons, with supplies of food, and camped out in the groves at night. They were aglow with the fire of the two leaders, as up and down the state, through its length and breadth, raged the great political battle of these Illinois giants.

Far beyond the mere personal success of one candidate or the other, the debates arrested public attention in every part of the Union. Many leading newspapers in St. Louis, Cincinnati and New York had their own correspondents on the ground. The speeches were taken down, printed, and scattered broadcast. They were so widely read that the whole nation heard the debates and paused to watch this contest for an Illinois senatorship.¹¹

Douglas was a popular speaker, able to manage a mixed audience, to bridge over a hard place in an argument, to make the most of a weak point in his opponent's armor. But Lincoln was a born logician and could demonstrate a public question with mathematical clearness and certainty. His chief advantage was the sincerity of his belief, the earnestness and fearlessness with which he spoke his conviction:

free labor is preferable to slave labor, and slavery is inherently wrong.

Politically and intellectually different, their physical contrast was no less striking. Lincoln, tall, lank, lean; Douglas, short, round, robust. The voice of Douglas, sonorous and full; Lincoln's sharp and thin, though of large compass. Lincoln with an inexhaustible store of wit and humor, and apt anecdotes to illustrate his points; Douglas with sparkling repartee which helped him to make happy turns of thought against his rival. Lincoln, with unpolished strength, closely reasoning, at times highly eloquent, using simple, homely, accurate words; Douglas bold, decided, magnetic, plausible. Douglas carried away the more popular applause; Lincoln made a deeper, more lasting impression.

"Somehow," said a man who heard the debates, "while Douglas was greeted with constant cheers, when Lincoln closed the people seemed serious and thoughtful, and could be heard all through the crowd gravely and anxiously discussing the subjects on which he had been speaking."¹²

"Why don't you tell funny stories and make the people laugh and cheer you?" a friend asked Lincoln.

"The occasion is too serious, and the issue too grave. I do not seek applause, or to amuse the people, but to convince them."

Lincoln was frank and fair and courteous, answering every question, always good humored; Douglas was arrogant, at times evasive, when hard pressed irritable, once almost brutal. Douglas had the advantage of education and fifteen years' experience in Congress. To offset this Lincoln had two things in his favor: he had a more familiar knowledge of the slavery question than any other statesman of the day; and he was on the right side, the side of liberty, toward which the tide of popular feeling was setting, with tremendous force. Conscious of the greatness of his cause, he spoke with an energy, ability and power which rapidly gave him a national reputation.

There was but one real issue between them—the question of slavery: the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the theory of squatter sovereignty, the duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in future states.

Said Douglas:

“Lincoln says that he looks forward to a time when slavery shall be abolished everywhere. I look forward to a time when each state shall be allowed to do as it pleases. If it chooses to keep slavery forever, it is not my business, but its own; if it chooses to abolish slavery, it is its own business—not mine. I care more for the great principle of self-government, the right of the people to rule, than I do for all the negroes in Christendom.”

Said Lincoln :

"Douglas contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have if it is not a wrong. But if it is a wrong, he can not say that people have a right to do wrong. He says that, upon the score of equality, slaves should be allowed to go in a new territory like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. . . . But if you insist that one is wrong and the other right, there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong. . . .

"That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world."¹³

The wisdom of putting one question was discussed by Lincoln with his friends. They advised against it. They insisted that an answer from Douglas would help his fortunes in Illinois, without hurting him in the south. They urged him not to ask the question, saying, "If you do, you can never be senator."

But Lincoln, persisting in his determination to force an answer, replied: "Gentlemen, I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be president, and the coming battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

So the question was put: How can you reconcile the Dred Scott decision with your popular sovereignty theory? You are holding that a thing may lawfully be driven away from a place where it has a lawful right to go! At once the southern states charged that Douglas was two-faced on this point, contending for the extension of slavery under the decision, and for its exclusion under the Kansas-Nebraska bill.¹⁴

The debates ended, a drawn battle. The victory was claimed by Lincoln and by Douglas. The immediate result was the election of Republican state officers and a Democratic legislature, so that Douglas became senator. But this campaign simply foreshadowed the presidential election. That was fought out on the same principles. As Lincoln prophesied, Douglas had made it impossible for the south to support him; he did indeed win the nomination of the northern Democrats, but this split in the party assured the election of a Republican president.

For during these two years, tension of feeling had not relaxed, and the bitterness was increased. Both north and south, for or against slavery, were unyielding and determined. Lincoln, defeated for the senate, was now brought to the front as candidate for the much higher office of president. The notoriety of his contest with Doug-

las, the masterly presentation of his side, his vigorous logic, his love of liberty, had made him friends all through the north. Introduced to the east by his famous speech at Cooper Union, he was by no means an unknown candidate.¹⁵

The Republicans were to meet at Chicago in national convention. Asked if he should be present, Lincoln replied: "Well, I am unable to decide whether I am enough of a candidate to stay away, or too much of one to go." He determined, however, to remain in Springfield, and a special wire from the "Wigwam" kept him in touch with every happening. While waiting for telegrams Lincoln played ball with some friends. And when a message came that he had been nominated on the third ballot, he read it through to himself, then aloud, adding: "There's a little woman down on Eighth Street that would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her." Without waiting for the congratulations of his friends he took the news to Mrs. Lincoln.

In the exciting campaign that followed Lincoln took no active part. But Douglas, ever ready for a fight, spoke in every slave state—almost the first time in our history that a candidate for the presidency went directly before the people. But Douglas knew that his one chance of success was in the union of his party. In ten southern states Lincoln received no vote at all. But he carried every free state but

one; and in the electoral college he had a hundred and eighty votes, to seventy-two and twelve for the two Democratic candidates.

As soon as the result of the election was known the south realized that her long supremacy in national affairs was at an end. She must submit to Republican rule or put in practise her often repeated threats to dissolve the Union. During the four months between Lincoln's election and inauguration, while Buchanan did nothing, the southern states seceded and organized a separate government with slavery as its cornerstone. Douglas, in his last speech in Congress, made a powerful argument against this right of secession, and the whole Illinois delegation united in condemning it.¹⁸

In February, 1861, Lincoln left his old home at Springfield for the journey to Washington. A large number of his friends assembled at the station to bid him God-speed. Standing on the platform of the train in the falling snow, Lincoln said:

"My friends, no one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. . . . I know not how soon I will see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has rested upon any other man since the day of Washington. He would never have succeeded ex-

cept for the aid of Divine Providence, on which he at all times relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him. On the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell."

And with him, as he started forth on his great mission, went the hearts and the prayers of the people of Illinois.

Stopping in many towns on his way east, Lincoln spoke to the loyal citizens who greeted him, expressing his devotion to the Union and his desire to maintain it without resort to arms. Warned of many plots against his life, he made the last part of the journey in secret.

On the fourth of March, on the steps of the capitol at Washington, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated president, sworn in by a chief justice known in history for his Dred Scott decision, while Stephen A. Douglas held his hat. With a clear and distinct voice he read his address, an earnest plea for peace, on the verge of war, closing with these beautiful words:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. . . . We are not enemies, but friends.

We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

XXIII

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG!

THE inauguration of Lincoln, whom Illinois gave to the nation, was the signal for a life-and-death struggle, testing whether or no the Union could endure. The outcome depended wholly on the loyalty of the states. And as always, Illinois came proudly to the front, and did her share and more.

After the attack on Fort Sumter, Lincoln called for volunteers. Illinois's quota was six regiments. In ten days, ten thousand men had offered their service. Nearly a million dollars was tendered to Governor Yates, by private citizens, as in the sudden emergency the state had no funds available to organize and equip her troops. The prairies blazed with excitement.¹ Every town and village held meetings. The spirit of '76 was kindled afresh. Ministers of all denominations preached against secession, joining Christianity and freedom and the maintaining of the Union, just as Peck and his associates a generation before had joined religion with the anti-slavery movement.

All through the state, democratic newspapers con-

demned the south and sustained the president. Among the first to call on Lincoln was Stephen A. Douglas, tendering his cordial sympathy and support. Reaching Springfield during the called session of the legislature, the "little giant" was invited to address the members. With all his influence and eloquence, he now stood loyally by his former opponent, saying that the first duty of every citizen was obedience to the constitution and the laws, that there could be now only two parties—not Republican or Democrat, but patriot or traitor.

"It is a duty we owe to ourselves, and our children, and our God," he said in closing, "to protect this government and the flag from every assailant, be he who he may."

This speech sent thousands of northern Democrats into the army, and the sudden death of Douglas in June was a greater loss to the Union cause than a defeat in battle.²

In honor of the six regiments that had served in the Mexican War, the new troops of Illinois were numbered from seven to twelve, for no more than the quota could be accepted. This first call was but a beginning, and by the end of the war the infantry regiments had reached one hundred and fifty-six, with seventeen of cavalry, and artillery besides.

The legislature, anticipating that more troops

would be needed, authorized ten additional regiments; and when double the number of men volunteered, they were organized at once and put in training. The second call, however, gave Illinois another quota of only six regiments. A special messenger was sent to Washington, to urge the War Department to accept a larger force, and his errand was successful. Hundreds of Illinoisans, denied the privilege of serving in their own state, enlisted in Missouri, and in two cases their numbers made up a majority of the regiment, and the name was later changed to Illinois.

After the battle of Bull Run, Lincoln asked for still another army of half a million. The following day, Yates offered him sixteen regiments, most of them "now ready to rendezvous," and added, "Illinois demands the right to do her full share in the work of preserving our glorious Union from the assaults of high-handed rebellion." July of 1862 saw another army called for, and still another in August, each state given a quota and ordered to draft if the number of volunteers was too small.

This new levy took a different class of citizens—farmers from the midst of harvest, mechanics and merchants, lawyers and doctors and ministers, the influential and prosperous men of each community. The people were aroused as never before. Meetings were held throughout the state, and in eleven days

Illinois had made up the required number—a rallying to the flag unexampled in history.³

When their time expired, forty-four of her regiments re-enlisted as veterans, and not until the last call for volunteers was made, at the end of 1864, did the state resort to compulsory service, and then only three thousand men were drafted, of the two hundred fifty-six thousand Illinois gave to save the Union. She sent ten thousand in excess of the various quotas, nearly a tenth of the whole army.⁴ Only one state in the Union gave a greater proportion of her population, and that was Kansas, a new state with an unusually large percentage of men of military age.

The Illinois regiments were sent to the front in the south and southwest. At Donelson, the first signal success of the war; Pea Ridge, hotly contested; the sanguinary and stubborn conflict on Sunday morning, near the Shiloh meeting-house; Corinth, where, though Oglesby was wounded, his men withstood a bayonet charge till the enemy fled; Stone River, where five color bearers laid down their lives to save a regimental standard; in the monotonous routine in the siege of Vicksburg, till the stars and stripes floated over the city, on the fourth of July; Chickamauga, where Palmer anticipated Grant's orders and won his hearty approval; in the amazing charge up Missionary Ridge; at Atlanta, where the

popular Logan, seizing the mantle of the fallen McPherson, galloped hatless along the front and turned apparent defeat into a brilliant victory; and finally the march across Georgia to the sea—list the engagements in the campaigns near the Mississippi, and you list the battle-fields where Illinois soldiers rallied round the flag. Take her men out of these battles, and the story of the war would have to be rewritten.

The Union army was made up of enlistments through the agency of the loyal states. The responsibility for this fell on the governor and adjutant-general; and here Yates and Fuller did splendid service. The year 1861 found the north unprepared. Securing uniforms and tents and food and medical supplies for thousands of soldiers, on short notice, involved no small task. Those who worked at home deserve their share of praise, for making possible the efficiency of the soldiers in the field.

Two rendezvous were established in Illinois—Camp Douglas, at Chicago, and Camp Butler, near Springfield; and here the boys in blue were trained for military duties. After the victory at Fort Donelson, Confederate prisoners were sent here, and during the war thirty thousand Johnny Rebs were held in these two camps and at Rock Island and Alton.

At the beginning of the conflict, Illinois had

plenty of men, but no muskets. A messenger sent to Washington returned, not with the coveted arms, but with an order on the arsenal at St. Louis. But it was known that traitors were watching, and a mob was ready to seize the arms if any attempt was made to remove them. Captain Stokes volunteered to bring them up to Springfield. He found batteries erected near the arsenal and on the levee. Hundreds of spies were around the building, and its commander questioned if it was possible to take the muskets, though he gave permission to make the attempt.

Stokes telegraphed to Alton to have a steamer come down the river and land opposite the arsenal at midnight. To divert attention he openly put five hundred unserviceable muskets in another boat. The crowd soon detected this, and with shouts and excitement left the arsenal. Stokes and his men loaded the steamer, being given more arms than their order called for.

"Which way?" asked the captain of the boat.

"Straight in the regular channel for Alton."

"What if we are attacked?"

"We'll fight."

"But—what if we're overpowered?"

"Run your boat to the deepest part of the river and sink her."

"Aye, aye, sir!" and past the rebel battery went

the steamer with its precious burden, reaching Alton at five o'clock in the morning.

Stokes ran to the market and rang the fire bell. In all sorts of dress the citizens came flocking down to the river. The captain told his story and pointed to the freight cars. Men, women and children boarded the boat, seized the heavy boxes, and tugged and pulled with might and main. In two hours the muskets were all aboard and the train started to Springfield amid rousing cheers. A day later, two thousand southerners arrived to attack the arsenal, but by that time these arms were equipping the troops of Illinois.⁵

The governor's rooms were crowded, in the first days of the war, with men eager to give their services, insisting on commissions, offering funds. In the crowd was a quiet man from Galena, who had been a captain in the regular army. Like many others, he, too, offered his service, only to learn that every place was filled. A major on the governor's staff said he believed they were short of men in the adjutant-general's office. The modest man from Galena was given a desk there, and put to work sorting and filing papers.

A few days later, Yates told his major that he must have a regular army officer to perfect the organization of the new camps. There had come quietly into the room the new clerk. Reminding the

governor of his army training and experience, he suggested that he could be more useful in this service than at a desk.

"Why, Captain, you are just the man we want!" exclaimed Yates.⁶

And that very day he was made commandant in the training camp. Seven weeks later, he was colonel of an Illinois regiment. In a few months, he was brigadier-general. Donelson gave him a major-generalship and his nickname of "Unconditional Surrender." He led his men from victory to victory, even though it took all summer, till the "father of waters" went unvexed to the sea. And in the spring of 1864 Lincoln borrowed him for the eastern army, to carry the flag to Richmond. When Lee surrendered to the quiet man from Galena the Union was saved.

But soldiers were not the only contribution Illinois made. Stay-at-homes are always needed, to carry on trade and manufacturing, to administer civil offices, to make possible the work of the soldiers. The backbone of the army was the unfaltering support of the loyal people at home, who helped raise and maintain it, who followed it with aid and sympathy.

Perhaps the brightest page in the story is the contribution of Illinois women. They sent their men to the front. They formed relief societies, to supply

food, clothing, medicine, hospital delicacies. And as the war continued and the needs increased, their efforts increased also and were better organized.⁷ Not as a substitute for the work of national and state governments, but as a supplement, these soldiers' aid societies looked after the families of the men in blue; they established soldiers' homes, where convalescents invalided north were provided with board and lodging. Fairs were held to raise money.

An army so vast and so hurriedly collected could not but have inadequate facilities for the care of the sick and wounded. After the victory at Donelson, the "war governor," with other state officers, went down to the battle-field, to look after the wounded Illinoisans. Immediately after this came the news from Shiloh, with its appalling list of wounded soldiers. Before twenty-four hours had passed, Yates had chartered a steamboat and was on his way, with doctors and nurses and medical supplies. The hastily improvised army hospitals were not sufficient to provide for the most serious cases even. Hundreds of men were lying where they had fallen, hundreds more were dying from disease and exposure.

No wonder Yates received the name of "the soldiers' friend." His coming was most opportune. In a few hours the boat had started north, with three hundred of the most severely wounded. State hospitals were established at Quincy and Peoria and

Springfield. Two more trips this steamer made, bringing over a thousand men back to homes and friends.

"We must not let our brave boys think they are forgotten," the governor used to say, "but follow them in their many marches, with such things as they need for their comfort which the government can not supply, . . . wherever they go and at whatever cost."

But you must not think that the long war, with all the delays and defeats of the first years, had no critics in Illinois. She was, indeed, a strong Union state; but there were "copperheads" not a few—men who believed in the Union but not in Lincoln's methods; who opposed the administration at every point; who were bitter at the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation; who welcomed every opportunity to talk peace, peace, even with slavery; who suggested that if the south was to be a separate country, the northwest should organize its own government, without New England.

Disloyal at heart, some of them formed a secret society called the "Sons of Liberty,"⁸ to discourage enlisting, resist the draft, and cooperate with the rebels. They planned to release the Confederate prisoners at Chicago and Rock Island, but the plot was discovered in time and failed entirely.

The opponents of the administration were strong enough, during the progress of the rebellion, to elect a legislature almost wholly Democratic, embarrassing the government by the resolutions passed against Lincoln and the war, and in favor of peace. These resolutions were promptly repudiated by both citizens and soldiers, and the legislature prorogued by Yates.⁹

Two other men in Illinois made notable contribution to the Union cause. The truth of the old saying, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," was never more apparent than during the war. After the battle of Stone River, a Chicago glee club went down to visit the Illinois regiments in camp, with a new song by George F. Root, who lived in that city. It rang through camp like wildfire, inspiring the discouraged men with fresh courage and hope and enthusiasm, its effect electric:

"The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the stars;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"¹⁰

Root was also the author of *Just Before the Battle, Mother, and Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching*; while another Chicagoan wrote

Marching Through Georgia. The songs of Illinois were heard at every Union campfire. They nerved the troops at the front, and stirred the people at home. At meetings to raise funds or recruits, these songs, simple in melody, powerful in their appeal, were sung with a will by the entire audience.

After Lee's surrender a Confederate soldier said :

"I shall never forget the first time I heard *Rally Round the Flag*. It was a nasty night during the seven-days' fight, when just before taps some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus. Tom sung out, 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of? Here we've licked them seven days running, and now, on the eve of the seventh, they're singing *Rally Round the Flag!*' I tell you that song sounded to me like the knell of doom, and my heart went down into my boots, and it's been an uphill fight with me ever since that night."

And a southern officer, hearing these Illinois songs for the first time, remarked, "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs, we'd have licked you out of your boots!"

And to-day these war melodies are sung, with a spirit of thanksgiving that we are one people, with loyal devotion to the Union.

XXIV

A SAD HOME-COMING

GRANT'S victories in Virginia and the fall of Richmond were welcomed throughout the north as the last steps in the triumph of freedom. Bells in city churches and in country meeting-houses pealed forth the news, to a people really free, of a Union forever indissoluble. Bonfires were lighted, and meetings of rejoicing held.

But the exultant gladness of Easter was suddenly changed to a bitter grief. On the morning of the fifteenth of April, news came that the president had been assassinated in Washington. The best years of his manhood, the highest powers of his mind, even the lifeblood of his great heart, Lincoln gave unselfishly, for the Union and the cause of human freedom.

A regiment of colored soldiers formed the escort of his funeral procession from the White House to the capitol, where the body lay in state. There was some talk of burying the president in Washington, in a vault under the dome of the capitol which had

been prepared for the body of the first president, but never used. But Illinois claimed his last resting place.¹

He who had left Springfield asking for the prayers of his friends at home was now to return amid the tears of the nation. Army and navy officers, senators and representatives, formed his guard of honor. The route taken by the funeral train was the same Mr. Lincoln had traveled in 1861, but now the people were all in mourning. States and cities and villages paid homage to his greatness. Hundreds gathered, to catch a glimpse of the passing train. Countless throngs filed by, where the body lay in state. For sixteen hundred miles the sad pilgrimage continued.

In Springfield a burial place near the state house was suggested, but Mrs. Lincoln preferred Oak Ridge Cemetery, because it was more retired. And in that beautiful spot his remains were placed. The ceremonies were very simple; a hymn and prayer, a brief address and the reading of his second inaugural. All the world laid wreaths upon the grave of this man who had malice for none and charity for all.

Since his death the nations of the earth have joined in magnifying his fame. Lincoln is to-day more in the minds and hearts of the world than any other human character. In May of 1865 an associa-

tion was formed, with Governor Oglesby as its president, to erect a monument to his memory. Illinois gave a fourth of the sum needed; and contributions came from every state, from sailors and soldiers, from churches and societies, from many children. The monument was dedicated in 1874, with Grant and Sherman among the speakers.²

And it is to-day one of the hallowed spots of America, sought by "men of all faiths and tongues and races and backgrounds, who are become one and indivisible in their love and honor for the memory of Abraham Lincoln."³ It is a shrine which north and east and south and west visit, to rekindle their patriotism and their devotion to that cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion.

XXV

THE CITY BY THE LAKE

THE story of Chicago begins long ago with the Indian tribes who hunted there. From them came its name, for Checaqua was the title of a succession of chiefs, like the Pharaohs of Egypt. We know that Marquette spent a winter here, that La Salle and Tonty passed through it more than once, that it was the site of a French fort, mentioned in Wayne's treaty with the Indians.

In 1796 a West Indian negro, Jean Baptiste Point au Sable, built a rude cabin at the mouth of the Checago River, so that the red men used to say, "The first white settler was a negro!" His claim was "jumped" by a Frenchman, who sold out to John Kinzie, an Indian trader and agent for the American Fur Company.¹ In the year when Fort Dearborn was built, Kinzie brought his family out, and improved Baptiste's cabin into "a tasteful dwelling." They lived across from the fort, and at the time of the massacre were saved by some friendly Indians.

Rebuilt in 1816, the blockhouse was occupied for some thirty years. But the massacre kept settlers

and traders away from Fort Dearborn. In 1827 there were only three families here, all living in log cabins. The future city was due to Daniel Pope Cook, for whom Cook County was named; and its foundation was the grant of land from Congress for the building of the canal.² Long before it was completed, in fact before it was begun, public attention was attracted to Chicago, and the commercial advantages of this site, as the terminus of the canal, were emphasized. Geography made it a natural depot for the receiving and forwarding of western products, and for the distributing of eastern manufactures to the entire northwest. Its citizens, seeing this natural advantage and foreseeing its future, accomplished the rest through their energy and enterprise.

But in comparison with the story of other American cities, Chicago's is wholly recent. Thanks to Nathaniel Pope, the site was secured for Illinois. First platted and named in connection with the survey for the canal route in 1830, the town covered three-eighths of a square mile. The following year three vessels arrived in its harbor. When incorporated in 1837, its population was only forty-one hundred.

Winfield Scott, ordered west to take charge of the campaign against Black Hawk, was delayed in Chicago by an outbreak of cholera among his troops

and so took no part in the war. But he returned east with such glowing accounts of the place that general attraction was drawn to it. And on his recommendation Congress appropriated money to improve the harbor.³

Then came a period of inflation, when Chicago was the Mecca of speculators. Nothing was discussed but the price of corner lots. Every one was rich, on paper. Men talked in millions who had no cash to pay their board bills. A hundred new citizens came in ten days. Half a million dollars' worth of property was sold in six months. The people multiplied by eight in a year. And it must be said for these promoters that everything they prophesied was later carried out. The trouble was, they wanted to go too fast, they were a generation ahead of their time.

The year 1837 and its panic brought stagnation.⁴ The one thing that kept Chicago alive was the canal project. Even though all work stopped, it was never allowed to die out. Real estate was, to be sure, offered at a twentieth of former prices. But Chicago people had real grit, and gradually industry took the place of speculative idling. During these lean years, two of the city's greatest enterprises began—the packing business, and the exporting of grain, which began in a small venture with thirty-nine bags of wheat.



A bird's-eye view of Chicago just before extensive railway building began to alter a large town and favorable natural location into a world center of population and economic consequence

After 1842 came a steady sure growth, with only a temporary check at the panic of '57. During this time the canal was finished, the Illinois Central completed and other roads to east and west. Not the canal, as its friends anticipated, but the dozen roads centering at Chicago, carried its products and made its greatness. Manufacturing developed—locomotives and cars, brick, carriages and wagons, furniture, stoves, agricultural implements, leather goods, to mention only a few of the many things made in Chicago.

The Civil War gave a remarkable stimulus to the city, for it became immediately an important base of supplies.⁵ Far enough from the front to be absolutely safe, closely connected by rail with every part of the country, supplies and men could be moved easily. Large amounts of corn and pork, of clothing and saddlery, thousands of horses and wagons, were sent from Chicago to the Union armies. During the sixties, her population more than kept pace with the increase in the nation. Her growth and prosperity were without precedent. She was the pride of Illinois, the wonder of the world.

And this prosperity continued until a sudden check came in the autumn of 1871. One Sunday night in October, as people were going home from church, the alarm of fire was sounded by the courthouse bell.⁶ A poor woman, living in the poorest

quarter of the town, had gone out late to milk her cow. The restless cow kicked over the kerosene lamp, the hay in the shed caught fire, and in a moment the flames had spread. It was a section of one-story houses, stables and sheds, each within a few feet of its neighbor, and all of wood. They burned like so much kindling. There had been no rain for weeks. A high wind was blowing. The nearest alarm box was several blocks away. And the cow, and Mrs. O'Leary, who lived in a little frame shanty without even a street number, won a place in the history of Chicago.

The firemen had been hard at work all Saturday night and most of Sunday, fighting a big down-town fire. But they responded promptly and tried to stay the progress of the flames. Days later the ruins of the engine were found in the street. The wind had become a gale. Directly in its path was a four-mile line of wooden buildings. The intense heat made it impossible for the department to work. By midnight the fire had reached the densely populated section. Wider streets will keep it from spreading, said the onlookers. But the flames jumped across and blazed more fiercely.

Well, the burned district of last night will stop it. But no.

At any rate, the river will limit it. But with a hop, skip and jump, the flames were across the

bridge, at place after place, sweeping all before them. Flanking columns were sent off to each side, devastating a wide swath of business blocks. Buildings of stone and brick and iron, supposed to be fireproof, crumbled and melted down before the awful heat. They ignited suddenly all over, just as a sheet of paper, held to the fire, is scorched and breaks out in flame.

From ten o'clock till morning, till noon, till night, the fire raged. Miserable hovels, splendid public buildings, beautiful homes, stores, churches, all fell before it, like ripe wheat before the reaper. The pumping engines at the water-works were disabled, set on fire when a burning roof fell on the tower. And with the lake at hand, three hundred and sixty miles long and seven hundred feet deep, the supply of water was cut off and the people were helpless.⁷ In some places counter-fires were started, and buildings blown up with gunpowder, but against the gale nothing was accomplished. It was a vast ocean of flame, sweeping over the city in mile-long billows and breakers.

The streets were as light as day, and were crowded with people, first as spectators, later as refugees. Goods piled up in the street to be carted away were frequently carried off. Draymen charged enormous prices for taking loads. Some hackmen, extorting a poor woman's all, threw off her goods at

the next corner and repeated the process upon another customer. Frequently the owner was reassessed, half-way to safety. And payment must be in cash.

"What's your check worth?" one driver asked. "The bank's already burned!"

In the confusion and turmoil streets were gorged with crowds of people and passing vehicles. Dazed animals dashed about. There were thrilling rescues, sad separation of families, heroism on every side, baser passions breaking out—insults, robbery, assassination. Prisoners, released to save their lives, promptly pillaged a jewelry store.

"The scene was indescribable," said an onlooker the next day. ". . . The great, dazzling, mounting light, the crash and roar of the conflagration, and the desperate flight of the crowd. . . . They stood transfixed, with a mingled feeling of horror and admiration, and while they often exclaimed at the beauty of the scene, they all devoutly prayed that they might never see such another.

"To the roar which the simple process of combustion always makes, magnified here to so grand an extent, was added the crash of falling buildings and the constant explosions of stores of oil. The noise of the crowd was nothing compared with this chaos of sound. . . .

"I saw men, women, and children, in every variety of dress, with the motley collection of effects

which they sought to save. Some had silver, some valuable papers, some pictures, carpets, beds, etc. One little child had her doll tenderly pressed in her arms. An old Irish woman was cherishing a grunting pig. There was a singular mixture of the awful, the ludicrous, and the pathetic. . . .

"A torrent of humanity was pouring over the bridge. . . . Drays, express wagons, trucks, and conveyances of every conceivable species and size, crowded across in indiscriminate haste. Collisions happened almost every moment. The same long line of men dragging trunks was here, many of them tugging over the ground with loads which a horse would strain at. Women were there, staggering under weights upon their backs. Now and then a stray schooner came up, and the bridge must be opened. Then arose a howl of indignation along the line, audible above the tumult. . . .

"I saw an undertaker rushing over the bridge with his mournful stock. He had taken a dray, but was unable to load all of his goods into the vehicle. So he employed half a dozen boys, gave each of them a coffin, took a large one himself, and headed the weird procession. The sight of those coffins, upright, and bobbing along just above the heads of the crowd, without any apparent help, was startling, and we laughed quite merrily."⁸

Crowds collected on the beaches, and were frequently driven into the lake for refuge against the scorching flames. People gathered in an old cemetery, and on the bleak prairie back of the city. Sick

and helpless, young and old, rich and poor, the vicious and the good, were huddled together, without food.

The Chicago fire had no precedent in history. It is the most overwhelming that ever visited a community. The city had been built up by persistent energy, daring enterprise, and far-reaching plans. Now, a hundred thousand people were homeless and out of employment, twenty thousand buildings were destroyed, and property worth nearly two hundred millions.⁹

Prostrate as the city was, Monday saw determined efforts to bring order out of the chaos. The mayor had telegraphed to Joliet and Springfield, even to Milwaukee and Detroit, for fire engines. He now asked for carloads of bread. He issued a proclamation fixing the price for a loaf and for drayage, telling people where to apply for food, and warning them of the danger of falling walls.

Theft and arson were frequently reported. "Roughs" from all parts of Chicago and neighboring towns invaded the scene, plundering the sufferers. Two thousand extra police were sworn in, state troops were called out, and Sheridan, with several companies of the regular army, took charge in the city.

The mayor organized bureaus to give out relief with system and efficiency. Carloads of provisions

and clothing were received. A wave of sympathy and practical benevolence set in toward Chicago, from every part of the world. Such a going forth of help, instant and mighty, was never known before in human history. While the fire was still burning, cities great and small, in every state, sent messages telling how much they felt for the sufferers, in dollars. St. Louis and Cincinnati, Chicago's two competitors in trade, gave generously, their charity forgetting all rivalry.

And while temporary help was being given, plans were making to rebuild. No one said, "The town is gone up. Our capital's wiped out of existence. There will not be an insurance company left. The city's trade must go to St. Louis and Cincinnati. If we had any customers we couldn't do business, for we've no place to transact it. We may as well leave at once." Instead, merchants ordered new stocks of goods from the east, the moment the telegraph wires were repaired. Long before the ruins had cooled one man put up a shingle on the site of his store which read, "All gone but wife, children, and energy"—and he was typical of the others.

Instead of losing heart and being overwhelmed by the loss, Chicago undismayed planned a greater city. For the fire had destroyed the results, not the causes, of her success—the lake, the canal, the railroads, the inherent vitality and buoyant spirits of

her people. The fire could take in a night what had been forty-four years in building. It could paralyze the city's energy for a day, it could not burn her indomitable pluck and elastic hope. On the contrary, she gained a great stimulus to activity and resolutely faced the task of rebuilding. With nothing but the future greatness of their city as security, her bankers borrowed millions from eastern capitalists.

Like the phoenix of old, in three short years there rose beside the lake a new Chicago, a monument to the energy and faith of her citizens. And to-day she is the metropolis not only of Illinois, but of the Mississippi Valley and the northwest. With the annexation of suburban towns, she is now the fifth city in the world, with a larger area than Berlin or Paris, than New York or London.¹⁰ Her market for livestock and grain is the greatest in the land. She is the largest railroad center. Her system of parks and connecting boulevards is the most magnificent in the world.

And only twenty years after the great fire, Congress chose Chicago as the site for the "White City," to house the world's fair celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

Currey's *History of Chicago* and Quaife's *Chicago and the Old Northwest* will tell you more of

the city by the lake. *Chicago and the Great Conflagration*, written by Colbert and Chamberlin, is a detailed story of the fire, with many individual accounts.

XXVI

EDUCATION, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

I THANK God there are in Virginia no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have; for learning hath brought disobedience and heresy into the world," wrote Governor Berkeley in 1670. And a century later this same state of Virginia was surveying the Illinois territory, on the new township system, and reserving every section sixteen for the use of schools!

One of the stipulations in the ordinance of 1787, you remember, was that "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged," for knowledge and religion and morality were declared "necessary to the good government and happiness of mankind."¹

The far-seeing Nathaniel Pope, who accomplished so much for Illinois in changing the northern boundary, did perhaps an equal service in putting through his suggestion that three per cent. of the land office sales should be used for educational purposes, and a sixth of this sum for a college or university. In 1819 the state transferred the school lands to the

various townships, with power to lease, and later to sell them.² The money from these sales was kept as a permanent and separate fund and loaned at interest to the state. But if the land had been husbanded, as was done in Texas, it would be worth many millions to-day, and its income would make the school tax a nominal sum.

The very first schools in Illinois were taught by the French priests, but little is known of them. Among the early American settlers, schools were established soon after their arrival, the first of which we have record in Monroe County in 1783.³ They were not very good schools, it is true, but the best possible under pioneer conditions. The marvel is that with land to be cleared and houses raised, men had a moment to give to education. But early a start was made and the work endured.

The first schools were private. Each teacher worked up his own, by a house-to-house visit, carrying his subscription paper and getting pupils signed up. Tuition was a dollar and a half or two dollars for a term of eleven weeks, in rare cases three dollars. Often a parent would subscribe for a half-pupil: this meant that his child would go half the time. Where there were several children in one family and a scarcity of money, it was a common custom to pay for two and divide the term among the whole number. "You can imagine the uphill

work of getting any schooling," says a great-grandmother, telling of her pioneer childhood.⁴

The teacher was usually Irish or Scotch; sometimes a surveyor or mechanic, who taught in the winter and took up his craft again when spring opened. In most schools it was a sufficient qualification if he knew the three R's; he must be able to make a quill pen that would not scratch; he must also have the ability to wield the birch well, for "larnin' and lickin' " were inseparable. Some teachers whipped every pupil on Friday afternoons, whether it was deserved or not, on the general principle that it was good for the school. One teacher was described as "a worthy man and an excellent scholar, but so easy with children in regard to discipline that his school was considered as defective."

The schoolhouse was a log cabin, fourteen by sixteen feet, occasionally eighteen by twenty. The space between the logs was "chinked" with clay. Sometimes greased paper was used for window glass; sometimes one log was left out for the entire length of the building, and a row of small panes of glass inserted. The cabin had a clapboard roof, kept down by "weight poles"; a puncheon floor, seats made of slabs sawed from the sides of logs, without backs of any kind. There was always a great fireplace, but most of the heat went up the chimney. On the opposite side of the room children suffered

from the cold. There were two or three shelves for spare books and dinner baskets, a small puncheon table and splint-bottomed chair for the teacher.

Text-books were few in number, and uninteresting; always a speller, and reader—often this was gossipy Parson Weems's *Life of Washington*, which Lincoln shared with many a frontier child. Writing books were made at home, of unruled paper, the teacher ruling lines as needed, with a bit of lead. The slates had no frames, and to prevent their being dropped and broken, a hole was made in one side, a string put through it, and the slate hung round the pupil's neck.

What was known as the "loud school" was not uncommon. "Pupils will study spelling," the teacher would announce. And they would all begin aloud, each for himself, without trying to keep together. When a lull came after a while, the teacher would stamp on the floor and say, "Study harder!" The noise, of course, was terrific, but it sounded as if something was being accomplished.

In 1824 Joseph Duncan, who was afterward governor, introduced into the senate a bill for establishing free schools, and this was passed. It provided for a school or schools in every county, for trustees and the examination of teachers, and a school tax, which could be paid in cash or in good merchantable produce at the market price.⁵ Ford says that the law

worked admirably well; but such a storm of disapproval and clamoring opposition as went up over the school tax!

"Poor people found that their children would be educated and wholly unfitted for work on the farm." The very class it was planned to benefit opposed it most bitterly, though their wealthier neighbors bore the brunt of the expense. At the very next session of the legislature, the law was so amended that its usefulness was gone. Peck complained that its short life was due to designing and selfish politicians who "seized hold of it to raise popular ferment."

Duncan's was a good measure, how good you may judge when you learn that to-day's law embodies the very same fundamental principles and many of its details.⁶ But it was in advance of the age, and the circumstances of the common people; and of the teachers, too! Very few applicants could meet the requirement for history, geography and grammar, in addition to the three R's; and as late as 1847 certificates were given for one or more subjects.

But some people did not lose sight of the Duncan plan, and the question of better schools was agitated. This was especially true after the settlers from the eastern states and New England began coming to Illinois in large numbers. In 1840 an association was formed to secure a better system of

common schools. For years it kept up a persistent campaign of education, through meetings, a magazine, local societies and memorials to the legislature.⁷

They found throughout the state a listless apathy, far worse than fiery opposition; but slowly they won public opinion to see the need for free schools. Educating popular sentiment to a higher standard is never an easy task—overcoming old and deep-rooted prejudices, opposing false ideas of economy in state affairs, convincing men that it is both a right and a duty to tax every man's property and spend the money to educate every child. For this is a public benefit, they urged, as necessary as courts or highroads. It is cheaper to sustain schools than poorhouses and prisons!⁸

The legislature in 1845 voted to have a state superintendent of schools; but for the sake of economy the secretary of state was given this work, in addition to his own. Nine years later it was made a separate office, first held by Ninian W. Edwards. The year 1855 marks the commencement of the wonderful school system which to-day is the state's pride. The average cost for a pupil is now thirteen times the sum spent in the fifties. The permanent school funds provide about a tenth of the amount required each year, and the balance is raised by taxation. Illinois now ranks fourth among the states

for the money spent each year for public schools.

Immediately after the passage of the Edwards law providing for this school tax, one county reported, "As common sense would teach, it has put life into the system, and shows at once, as the old proverb says, 'Money makes the mare go.' So does it make the schools go, and without it they wouldn't go." But the report continues, "Our teachers are deficient both in literary attainments and practical experience, but even of such as are to be had, the supply is by no means sufficient."⁹ This was the complaint everywhere, and in 1857 a normal school was opened, the first in the middle west; and so great was its success, so great the demand for trained teachers, that Illinois now has five normal schools.

Education in the cities has made steady progress, with improved buildings, more and better trained teachers, better books, and the establishment of high schools. But the improvements in the rural schools have been even more marked. Attractive buildings and grounds, careful grading and regular promotion, and consolidated schools, have banished the uninviting "little red schoolhouse."

The seminary of learning for which Pope made provision did not materialize for nearly half a century, though thirty-six sections of land were re-

served for this purpose. Congress in 1862 made a donation of land to the several states, for agricultural and industrial colleges. Illinois's share was four hundred eighty thousand acres. When the legislature offered the new institution to the highest bidder, Champaign won the prize. And the University of Illinois has now six thousand students.

But you must not think that the pioneers were interested only in schools for children, and that no plans were made for higher education. John Mason Peck was sent west in 1817, to establish headquarters for the frontier work of a missionary society, whose expressed purpose was "to spread the gospel and promote schools." He traveled through the Mississippi Valley, starting a church and a school side by side.¹⁰ Visiting Vandalia, he secured the promise of many public men, to help in starting an institution of learning. Their help, however, amounted to little more than a board of trustees. Peck did the work and carried the burdens.

A stranger on horseback came along the road running from St. Louis to Vincennes, where he was chopping logs.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am building a seminary."

Opened in 1827, with teachers from the east, Rock Spring Seminary was the pioneer of higher education in the west. Later it was moved to Upper

Alton, and the name changed to Shurtleff College, because of the generous gift of Doctor Shurtleff, of Boston.¹¹ A strong friendship grew up between Peck and the traveler on horseback, who afterward founded Illinois College at Jacksonville. McKendree had opened at Lebanon; and these three pioneer colleges, chartered by the legislature in 1835, are still educating the young people of Illinois.

Meanwhile the number of colleges and universities in the state has increased to thirty-two. Illinois has thus exemplified her belief that the sure foundations of the state are laid in knowledge and not in ignorance.

And much of this progress in education is indirectly due to the churches of Illinois. From the French priests to the itinerant preachers of the pioneer period, and on to the highly educated ministers of to-day, the promotion of schools and colleges has been conspicuous among church activities. For religion and learning advance among a people with equal strides. And the churches of Illinois have always recognized that education makes a valuable contribution to the best type of Christian service.

XXVII

GREATNESS OF THE STATE

CENTURIES ago nature began a generous policy with Illinois. Waterways and mines and rich, rich soil she provided with unstinted hand. And, thanks to her gifts and to the wise conservation that is now being adopted, she promises to be a great mining and agricultural state for generations to come. In the production of coal and in manufacturing, she stands third in the list of states; fourth for wheat; second for oats, first for railroads and meat packing and for corn. Of the eight banner agricultural counties in the nation, four are in Illinois.

But these are her material wealth. And among the states she ranks high in other lines. One of these is the special care she gives to her wards. In the early days, the number of such citizens was very small. In one county, Pope and Bond dispensed public charity, their yearly duty being to farm out to the lowest bidder the care of one old man who was both poor and blind.¹ From this beginning came the

present splendid system of state charity, which cares for twenty-one thousand persons and costs six millions a year.

In the early days, law breakers were punished by public flogging; but soon imprisonment was substituted. Instead of the whipping-post and stocks, the community built a rude log jail. Prisoners often escaped, and better places of confinement were needed. But the people were poor and bitterly opposed to taxation for any purpose; so they would never consider a special tax for a prison. How raise the funds?

The legislature again asked Congress to help, and some forty thousand acres of saline lands were granted, and part of the money from their sale used for a state prison at Alton. This first penitentiary, opened in 1833, had twenty-four cells, and for twenty-four years more were built as needed. But the accommodations were entirely inadequate, as the population increased, and a new prison was built at Joliet. The last convicts were sent from Alton in 1860. But in less than ten years this building, too, was overcrowded and another was planned for Chester.²

Illinois was one of the first states to experiment in prison reform. The indeterminate sentence, the wearing of stripes only as a special punishment, the

honor and merit systems, are some of the steps taken in recent years for a more intelligent and humane care of these people.

Aside from actual convicts, the only citizens receiving public care, in the early days, were the paupers. But attention was called to the fact that many of these so-called paupers might become self-supporting, if they could be given some education. For deaf and dumb children a special school was planned in Jacksonville. Beginning in 1842 with four pupils, it is now the largest of its kind in the world. About this time and in the same city, a blind man started a school for blind children. Supported at first by private subscription, it soon became a state school, with this same man as its head. These two schools train into useful citizens children who would otherwise be only a burden to society.³

To Dorothea L. Dix Illinois owes the beginning of her care for the insane. She traveled over the state, addressing meetings everywhere in behalf of these unfortunates. She visited Springfield and addressed the legislature; and as a result of her efforts a state hospital was opened in 1851. This work has greatly increased, with the growth of population and of city life, with its constant strain and stress. To provide for these patients, Illinois has added hospital after hospital till she now has seven,

and an eighth for insane criminals. The one in Kankakee, built on the cottage plan, has been widely copied in other states.

Illinois has also an institution for feeble-minded children, a colony for epileptics, a home for soldiers and sailors, for soldiers' orphans, for soldiers' widows, and reform schools for juvenile offenders. Each year a larger number of persons is cared for, but the per capita cost has decreased in the last decades. Much of this is due to an effort to take the state institutions out of politics, making merit and not party service the reason for all appointments, and putting the management for all the twenty-one into the hands of a central organization. Instead of one hundred and twenty-five boards and commissions, Illinois now has nine men in charge of this work, a department of public service planned for a businesslike and efficient administration of the care of her wards.

But great as is Illinois for her natural resources and her state institutions, her true greatness is her people. Therein rests the greatness of any state. She has a varied population, the richer for this mingling and mixing, this combining of many peoples.

The French, the earliest comers, contributed a strain of romance and gaiety. The soldiers of Clark's expedition were a sturdy backwoods type,

hardy pioneers, adventurous and boldly daring, self-reliant. Then came settlers from the southern states, from the Carolinas, from Virginia and Kentucky, giving a southern flavor to society and politics that lasted for more than two generations. Following them were the New Englanders and men from New York and Pennsylvania, energetic and enterprising Yankees, good business men, starting schools and churches as soon as their own cabins were under way. And all of these, with a wonderful pride in the state, loyal and faithful to Illinois.

Last of our settlers are the immigrants from Europe, citizens of the old world, come to find in the new, social and religious and political liberty; the chance to improve, to forge ahead if they have ability, instead of staying always in the class where they were born. In the American melting pot Illinois does her share of the fusing process; for only two states have a larger number of foreigners.

In the middle of the century men from Ireland and Scotland, from Germany and Scandinavia, following the parallels of latitude, came to Illinois and settled in the country, taking up government land. Of late years there has been a decided change in the character of our immigrants. They now come from the south of Europe, Italians and Russians and Hungarians. The growth of manufacturing and the absence of cheap land have planted these

newcomers in the cities instead of on the farms. On the streets of Chicago every other man you meet is a foreigner or the son of a foreigner. The city has become a great distributing station for all the northwest. Its immigrant population is constantly changing: the newcomers live there a few years, to be near their friends, to learn English, to get adjusted to life in a new country.

Many of these foreigners need our help during the slow process of adjustment and assimilation. They need a background of American history, and the American "feel." They need to be told of the educational advantages open to them, of help easily secured. They need to be warned of dangers and pitfalls, that they may see the best and not the worst of our communities. Their coming to us is a responsibility, creating, it is true, many problems in our social and industrial and political life, increasingly important. But it is a responsibility well worth while. For they provide material for loyal citizens. They add a variety and richness to the nation, if we will use and not abuse their presence among us.

Illinois is, you realize, a great state, with a past rich and interesting, a present proud and promising. What of the future? That rests with us, her children, to build it worthily. It is to him that hath

that much is given. Reverently we guard, tenderly we treasure the memory of our forefathers. Inheritors of such a past, we have a great responsibility, inescapable, nor would we escape it if we could.

To belong to Illinois, to the state of Lincoln, spells duty and privilege and high obligation. For he is the vindication of American democracy, of the dignity and nobility of the common people. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish" worthily the work we are in—to achieve in Illinois a true democracy, a government of and by and for the people.

EPILOGUE

SUCH, briefly told, is the story of Illinois. But this book will have failed of its purpose if you read it and no more. What it has tried to do is to arouse your interest in the great story of a great state, and make you want to find out more for yourself.

Did you know that John Todd's record book tells of an incident in Illinois paralleling the Salem witchcraft?¹ That the tragedy at Maramech duplicates the story of the Pequot war?² That in the dead of winter an Illinois soldier made a Paul Revere ride, galloping across seven counties to warn the Fort Armstrong garrison to be up and to arm?³

Did you know that one Illinois governor was secretary to a president and went to Europe on a diplomatic mission to the Czar?⁴ That one governor was inaugurated in the executive mansion, instead of in the state house? He was, by the way, the colonel who almost killed (?) Jefferson Davis in the duel.

Did you know that Illinois touches the story of Aaron Burr and the Blennerhassets?⁵ Have you read the thrilling tale of the 1814 rangers under

Stephen Rector, who so gallantly and coolly rescued their comrades from Black Hawk's band at Campbell's Island, "as heroic a deed of daring as was ever performed in war"?⁶ There are so many interesting incidents!

To name only a few among the many whose stories you will greatly enjoy, find out something about Shabona, "the white man's friend,"⁷ and Baker, "the modern knight-errant."⁸ Look up the lives of Francis Vigo⁹ and D'Artaguettes,¹⁰ of John Mason Peck¹¹ and Jean Gabriel Cerré.¹² What can you learn of Edgar,¹³ of Pierre Menard and his salt,¹⁴ of Fort Massac?¹⁵ Of the Bishop Hill colony,¹⁶ the Spanish invasion,¹⁷ the lead mines at Fever River,¹⁸ the soldier of fortune, St. Leger Grenfell?¹⁹

Did you know that after the Mormons left Nauvoo, the Icarians settled there, and developed a community life which was for a time most successful?²⁰ There is an interesting story about their leader, Etienne Cabet, the son of a cooper, who was at one time attorney-general of France for Corsica. With his followers, men of six countries, he came to America, not expecting to make people perfect, but to establish a colony which should be a practical improvement of society. Can you find out where they got their name? Trace their journey from France. Why did so few of them reach Nauvoo? How many Icarians made up this single family, where

all property belonged to the community, and each one worked for all? Could they produce everything they needed? What trades did they follow, and where did they sell their surplus goods? How many hours made a day's work in summer; in winter? How were they governed? You must read about the Mormon temple, converted into a great dining-hall, with tracks laid from the kitchen and cars of food running to the different tables. Did they really live well on seven cents a day? Perhaps this will interest you in other community experiments in Illinois.

What governors, beginning with St. Clair, owe their positions in part to their war records? How many limped into office on Santa Anna's wooden leg? Is this more or less than the number of war-record presidents? How many of our governors were born in Illinois? Which state has furnished us the most? Can you think why?

Reminders of her history Illinois has preserved in the names chosen for villages and towns and cities, for townships and counties. Go over these lists and see how many you can find that are French in origin, like Fayette and Joliet. How many suggest New England, like Warren; or Virginia, like Henry? How many are named for some natural feature, like Island Grove or Buffalo Hart? How many are Indian, like Peoria? How many can you

find commemorating the public service of some distinguished man, like Edwards or Pulaski?

Make friends with the pioneers of your community. All too quickly they are passing. From such stories and reminiscences as theirs, and from their old letters, history is made to-morrow. And to you, in becoming more familiar with the story of Illinois, the author wishes half the keen pleasure found in the preparation of this book.

It would not be possible to tell you all the people who have helped in its making. But needs must be mentioned the generous service of the state historical library; and the indebtedness of the author to many writers of histories of Illinois, to newspaper files and magazine articles, to pamphlets and books on special subjects, and last but not least, to the invaluable publications of the state historical society.

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QUESTIONS

QUESTIONS

CHAPTER II

Where are mounds found in Illinois?

What suggestions can you give for their probable use?

What do the articles found in the mounds indicate about the builders?

Why was Illinois so named?

What has been the gain to civilization in the white men's taking the land from the Indians?

CHAPTER III

What was the basis of the French claim to Illinois?

Why was the first exploring party sent out?

Describe their journey. What record have we of it?

Why did Marquette return to Illinois?

CHAPTER IV

Why is La Salle called the seventeenth-century imperialist?

What difficulties did he meet, and overcome?

How did his work affect American history?

Why was Fort St. Louis an important post?

How did it get its present name?

CHAPTER V

What result did Law's schemes have for Illinois?

Describe life in a French village.

What part did the French in Illinois have in the colonial wars?

What are the dates for the beginning and end of French rule in Illinois?

CHAPTER VI

Why was there a delay in England's taking possession?
Describe the arrival of the Highlanders.
How long did the British govern Illinois?

CHAPTER VII

What were Clark's qualifications for leading this expedition?

What was the reason for secrecy?

What was his policy with the French?

Is Gibault appropriately named "the patriot priest of the northwest"?

Describe the journey to Vincennes and its surrender.

Why was Clark's conquest important in making the peace of 1783?

CHAPTER VIII

What states claimed Illinois, and on what grounds?

Name the important provisions of the ordinance of 1787.

What was the fundamental difficulty between the Americans and the Indians?

Name the governors of Illinois, up to 1818.

What changes in government were made in 1800, in 1809, in 1812?

CHAPTER IX

Why did the War of 1812 touch Illinois more closely than the previous wars?

Why was a fort built at the mouth of the Chicago River?

Describe the evacuation of Fort Dearborn.

How was the frontier protected, for the remainder of the war?

CHAPTER X

What two great provisions did Nathaniel Pope make for Illinois?

How did the northern boundary affect future history?

What were the important features of the first state constitution?

What were its peculiar features?

What is the date for the admission of Illinois as a state?

CHAPTER XI

Why was the capital changed from Kaskaskia?
 Where did most of the settlers live? Why?
 Whence did they come?
 What were their occupations?
 Name some of the foreign colonies in Illinois.
 Why were the regulators needed?

CHAPTER XII

What were the "black laws"?
 Why was it proposed to amend the constitution?
 What were the necessary steps?
 What trick passed the resolution in the house?
 Who were the leaders on each side?
 What was the result of the election?

CHAPTER XIII

Why was Lafayette entertained at Kaskaskia?
 Describe the reception and dinner.
 Who were the guests at the ball?
 How was Lafayette received at Shawneetown?

CHAPTER XIV

What were the effects of paper money in Illinois?
 Can you account for the speculation in land?
 Why were internal improvements urged?
 Why was it necessary to vote such a large sum?
 How did Ford meet the arguments for repudiating the state's debt?
 How was a repetition of this financial trouble made impossible?

CHAPTER XV

What was the American pretext for the Black Hawk War?
 What was the Indian argument?
 Name some soldiers in this war who became prominent later.
 Describe Stillman's Run and the battle of the Bad Axe.
 What can you tell of Black Hawk's life, after the war?

CHAPTER XVI

- What was the "Long Nine"?
- How was the capitol secured for Springfield?
- Describe conditions in the pioneer Springfield. Compare with the city of to-day.
- Compare the two state houses in Springfield.

CHAPTER XVII

- Why did Lovejoy move to Alton?
- For what was he contending?
- What were the arguments against his course?
- Tell the story of the tragedy at the warehouse.

CHAPTER XVIII

- Where did the Mormons live before they settled in Illinois?
- Describe the building of the Mormon temple.
- How did the Mormons, who were nominally a religious group, come into Illinois politics?
- What favors did they receive from the legislature? Why?
- Why were troops sent against the Mormons?
- Tell of Smith's death.
- Trace the journey of the Mormons to Utah.
- How did Illinois influence their course there?

CHAPTER XIX

- In what battles of the Mexican War did Illinois troops take part?
- Tell of their service at Buena Vista.
- What trophies did they bring home?

CHAPTER XX

- Tell the story of the Bond-Jones duel.
- What law concerning dueling was adopted?
- How did Bond enforce it?
- Tell about Lincoln's scrape with Shields, of Baker's great speech against dueling, and of the challenge to Bissell.

CHAPTER XXI

How many years elapsed between the first suggestion for the Illinois-Michigan Canal and its completion?

Why was it so expensive?

How was the canal financed?

When and why was it deepened?

Who proposed the Illinois Central?

To whose efforts was the congressional grant due?

Compare the financing of the railroad and of the canal.

What were the results for the state?

Why did the first settlers live in the timber country?

Describe Clark's plow.

Name other agricultural improvements.

CHAPTER XXII

Why were early politics in Illinois personal and not party?

Tell about the underground railroad in Illinois.

What changed the attitude of Illinois people on the question of slavery?

Who made up the Republican party?

Tell of Trumbull's election to the senate.

Compare Lincoln and Douglas. What was the real issue between them? Why were the debates a matter of national importance? What was the immediate outcome? The final result?

CHAPTER XXIII

What was Douglas's attitude when war was declared?

How many regiments did Illinois send to the war?

Where did they fight?

Where were the training camps?

Tell of the great general Illinois gave to the nation.

What contribution did the women make?

How did Yates win the name of "the soldiers' friend"?

Tell of the efforts of the copperheads and the Sons of Liberty.

What songs were written by Illinois men?

CHAPTER XXIV

Compare Lincoln's journey to Washington in 1861 with the return in 1865.

Describe the services in the various towns and in Springfield.
How was the sum for the monument secured?
Why is his grave a shrine for all Americans?

CHAPTER XXV

To what was the early importance of Chicago due?
Trace the steps in its growth.
How did the great fire start? Why did it spread so rapidly?
Tell of the relief work.
To what was attributable the rebuilding of Chicago?

CHAPTER XXVI

What was Pope's service to the cause of education?
How were the early schools financed?
Describe a pioneer school.
What was the Duncan law? Why was it unpopular?
What was the result of the Edwards law?
Tell the story of the first college in Illinois.

CHAPTER XXVII

What was the first state charity?
Why was a penitentiary needed?
Why were the schools for special classes of children opened?
Who initiated the work for the insane?
Tell of the recent changes in penitentiary methods, and in the administration of the state institutions.
Name the various groups who settled in Illinois. What did each contribute?
What is our responsibility to-day?

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MAPS

MAPS

Do you like to make maps? There are such interesting ones to do for the story of Illinois.

First, on a map of the United States, color Illinois solid and trace in colors the waterways connecting it with Canada and Virginia and New Orleans. See what an important place Illinois has in the geography of the nation.

Trace on a map which shows the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley the route of Marquette and Joliet, from Wisconsin to Arkansas and their return. Mark the mission station whence they started, the portage, Piasa, and the two Kaskaskias.

Trace on a similar map the journeys of La Salle and Tonty. Mark Fort Crevecoeur and Fort St. Louis. The frontispiece of Parkman's *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* will help you. On another map indicate all the French forts in America (look at page 37 of Thwaites's *France in America*). You will want to make a distinctive mark for the six posts built by La Salle—Frontenac, Conti, Miami, Crevecoeur, Prudhomme and St. Louis.

Make a map showing Clark's route from Pittsburgh to Kaskaskia, and then to Vincennes. You will find an excellent sketch in Thwaites's *How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest*, facing page 26.

Do a series of sketch maps showing the various changes in the territory of which Illinois was a part—the entire Northwest Territory, the change made in 1800, and the separation from Indiana in 1809 (see pages 79, 83 and 92 in Thwaites's *How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest*). And last but not least a map showing the northern boundary change. Facing page 118 in Jones's *Decisive Dates in Illinois History* is a map showing Pope's line; but continue your map to the east, showing the extreme southern end of Lake Michigan, and extend the dotted line to meet it. Sketch in the boundary lines of the fourteen northern counties.

Make a population map for Illinois in 1812, like the one on page 59 of Buck's *Illinois in 1818*.

Make a map showing all the internal improvements suggested, like the one facing page 410 in volume one of Moses' *Illinois Historical and Statistical*. Draw the canal very distinctly.

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